

No. 251.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½D.



MISS CORA STUART.—In "Les Cloches de Corneville," at the Globe Theatre.

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too.a.m. till 1.0.p.m.

a.m., until 10 0 a m inclusive; and special rather of p.m. too.a.m. till 1.0 p.m.

Passengers holding Cheap Return Tickets cannot return till after 6 p.m. Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction (calling at Chelsea five minutes later) at 8 29, 848, 9.2, 9.35, 10.15, 10.55, 11.17, 11.48 a.m., 12.15 and 12.46 p.m., in connection with trains to Sunbarv.

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The Members Train will leave No. 5 platform, waterioo, for Sunoury, at 10.55 a.m.

Tickets may be procured at the West-end Office, 30. Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus; Golden Cross, Charing-cross; Exeter-buildings, Arthur-street West, E.C.; and at the Waterloo-bridge, Vauxhall, Clepham Junction, and Kensington (Addison-road) Stations.

BOMBAY. -ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT

T. ANDREW'S DAY.—The ANNUAL SCOTCH BALLAD CONCERT. SAIURDAY EVENING CONCERT, Nov. 3cth. Sr. JAMES'S HALL, at 8 o'clock. Artistes: Madame Lemens-Sherrington, Miss Haare. Miss Helen Meason, Madame Patey and Miss Urridge; Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick and Mr. Walter Clifford. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Cornet, Mr. Reynolds. Band of the Scots Guards, under the direction of Mr. J. P. Clarke (by permission of their Colonel). Conductors, Messrs. GANZ and SIDNEY NAYLOR.—Tickets. 6s., 3s., 2s., and is. Tickets at Chappell and Co's so, New Bond street; the usual Agents; and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

Agents; and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

MADAME JENNY VIARD-LOUIS'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL and VOCAL CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.

Conductor, Mr. H. WEIST HILL.—PROGRAM ME of the FIRST CONCERT, Tuesday Evening next, Nov. 26 at Eight o'clock:—Overture, "Oberon" (Weber); "Danse des Sylphes," fragment from "La Damnation de Faust," for orchestra (Berlioz); capriccio, fir pianoforte, manuscript (Cherubini), first time, Madame Jenny Viard-Louis; New Song, "Hark, hark! the lark at Heavin's gate sings" (Henry l'eslie), composed expressly for these concerts, Miss Emma Thursby; Grand Symphony in D. op. 73 (Brahms), allegron ono troppo, adagio non troppo, allegretto grazioso (quasi andantino), allegrotto con spir to (first time in London); Song (Mozart), first time in London, Miss Emma Thursby; Concerto, pianoforte, in F major (Hummel), allegro moderato, larghetto, allegro con brio (first time in England), Madame Jenny Viard-l ouis; Gavotte (Bourgault-Daconduray), first time; Fantasia Espanola, for orchestra (Gevaert), first time in London. The orchestra will consist of 90 performers. Accompanist, M. Henti Leipold.

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7.30. Vocal and Instrumental Concert.
8.30. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.
10.30. Zazel's second performance.
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THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET. Mr. JOHN S. CLARKE, every evening, in Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, of THE RIVALS, with the following distribution of the characters:—Falkland, Mr. Charles Kelly: Captain Absolute, Mr. W. Terriss; Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Howe; Sir Lucius O'Irigger, Mr. R. Pateman; David, D. Fisher, jun.; Fag, Mr. Crouch; Coachman, Mr. Weathersby: Bob Acres, Mr. John S. Clarke; Lydia Languish, Miss Liton; Julia, Miss Carlotta Addison; Lucy, Miss Kate Phillips; Mrs. Malap op, Miss E. Thorne; Maid; by Miss J. Roselle. Conclude with a CUP OF TEA—Box office open from ten to five Doors open at 7,30.

THE CRISIS, a new comedy adapted from "Les Fourchambau't" of E Auguer, by James Albery, will shortly be produced,—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

DOYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Pro-DYAL ADELFHI THEATRE. Sole Propietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening at 7.45, PROOF. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, J. Johnstone, and E. J. George. Mesdames Bandmann, L. Moodie, A. Stirling, Billington, Clara Jecks, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by, at 7, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. Messrs. E. J. George, F. Moreland, Waring. Mesdames Clara Jecks. J. Coveney, and Bentley. To conclude with SHRIMPS FOR TWO.

DRINCESS'S THEATRE. — Lessee and PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — Lessee and Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH Saturday, November 30th, at 7.45. Fist night of New Original and Romantic Drama, entitled NO. 20; OR, THE BASTILLE OF CALVADOS, by James Albery and Joseph Hatton. New Scenery by Julian Hicks. New Music by J. L. Hatton. Huband (of Paris), and Mallandaine. New Ballet PUNCHINELLO, in which the Allnutts will appear, invented and arranged by John d'Auban. Powerful cast. Preceded by a Farce at 7. Box office open daily from to 5. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Princess's Theatre, Saturday next, Nov. 30th.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. - 1244th AUDEVILLE THEATRE. — 1244th at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1244th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Thorne, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, and James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

COMIQUE.-PERA

PERACOMIQUE.—

Every Evening, at 8.30, H.M.S. PINAFORE; or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor; an original nautical Comic Opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, E. Cross, J. Bond; Messrs. G. Power, Temple, Barrington, Clitton, Dymott, and George Grossmith jun. At 745. CUPS AND SAUCERS. At 10.30, Mr. George Grossmith in BEAUTIES ON THE BEACH.—Stage Manager, Mr. J. H. Jarvis. Morning Performance every Saturday until further notice of H.M.S. PINAFORE at 3 o'clock; CUPS and SAUCERS at 2.30.

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RITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HEYDERSON.

LAST NIGHTS OF THE PINK DOMINOS.

NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the continued success of this remarkable comedy the management is compelled to announce the last nights of its representation, owing to arrangements having been entered into for the production of other novelties. The free list for the remainder of the run of THE PINK DOMINOS will be entirely suspended. Every Evening, for the last times, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT: Sampson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham. Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Duncan, Norwood, M. Davis, E. Rruce.—Acting-Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins. H. J. Hitchins.

OLLY THEATRE. THE WEDDING MARCH, by W. S. Gilbert supported by Miss Lydia Thompson and entire Company. On Saturday, Nov. 21rd., and every evening the performance will commence at 715 with A HUSBAND IN COTTON WOOL, after which at 8, RETIRING, by H. W. Williamson, Concluding with THE WEDDING MARCH. Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs, Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

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Every Evening at 7, OUR CLUB. Messrs, Marius, Harry Cox, H. J.

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Jones, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.75, NEMESIS. Messrs. Loredan,

H. Cox, Marius; Mesdames Violet Cameron, L. Venne. &c.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—OVERPROOF;
OR WHAT WAS FOUND IN A CELEBRATED CASE.
New Burl-sque, by F. C. Burnand. Every Evening at 9, Miss Kate
Sintley, Messrs. W. H. Fisher, F. Leslie, W. Seymour, Grev, Charles
Groves, and Mr. G. W. Anson (specially engaged); Mesdames H.
Coveney, Roberts, Lavis, Marshall, Parkes, &c. CHECKMAIE at 7.30.
Farce at 10.30.

LYMPIC. - THE TWO ORPHANS. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30.—MORNING PERFORMANCE of A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE, SATURDAY NEXT (Nov. 23). at two o'clock. Box Office open daily from Eleven to Five. No booking

A L H A M B R A I FI E A I R D.—

LA PERICHOLE, by Offenbach. Mdlles. Emily Soldene, Clara Vesev, Vio et Granville; Messrs. Knieht Astor, L. Kelleher, F. Hall, J. Wallace, Aynsley Cook. Grand Ballet I.ES SAISONS. Music by Verdi, and Spanish Ballet, LA SEVELIANA. Music by M. Jacobi. Mdles, Pertoldi. Tessi, Rosa, Bartoletti, and Corps de Ballet. Opera at 8.10, Ballet at 10.15 every evening. LHAMBRA THEATRE.-

EW GRECIAN THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.

This Evening at 7 THE GREAT CITY. Mes-rs. G. Conquest James, H. Dobell, Nicholls, Parker. G. Conquest, Gillett, Syms; Mesdames Verner, Victor. Denvil, Read, Inch. Osmond. To conclude with THE ROYAL PARDON. Mesrs. G. Conquest, F. Dobell, James. Syms, Inch; Mesdames Verner, Victor. Denvil, Inch. On Wednesday, conclude with THE THREE MUSKETEERS. Thursday, EXTREMES and MARY PRICE. Dancing in the Hall.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted) at 645. THE SLAVE HUNTER. Messrs. Howe, Drayton, Bigwood, Lewis; Mdlles. Bellair, Adams, Brothers Dare. Followed by (all the week) selection—WADAME ANGOT, by Brian Troupe. Fred Norton. C. Gordon, DAISY, by E. Manuel, Esq. Mrs. S. Lane, Messrs. Revnolds, Newbound, Charlton, Rhoyds; Mdlles. Summers, Brewer. THE CAHIN BOY. Miss Henderson. Wednesday, commencing with BLACK EYED SUSAN. Mr. J. B. Howe, Miss Bellair.

ADAME TUSSAUD'S.—GHOLAM HUS-SEIN KHAN, our Envoy; Shere Ali. Ameer of Afghanistan; The Berlin Congress; Sir Garnet Wolseley; the Guillotine used during the Reign of Terior; the gallows designed by the notorious Thartell, and used over 50 years; the Bulgarian Atrocities, Photographs from life taken on the spot Admission 18; Chamber of Horrors, 6d. extra. Open from Ten till Ten.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays) from 9 a m to Sunset. Admission, 18.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Amongst the latest additions are a pair of Ostriches presented by the Hon. H. C. Vivian, a Sumatran Rhinoceros, and a Bird of Paradise.

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Admission 28. J. B. AMOR. Proprietor

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NEXT week's issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain portraits of Miss Annie Beauclerc, Schubert, the composer, and Mr. Herbert Standing—A Scene from Over Proof at the Royalty Theatre—The Grand Chrysanthemum Show at the Westminster Aqurimum—International Bicycle Tournament at the Agricultural Hall—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Racing at Kempton Park, by J. Sturgess—The Show of Roots, &c, at the Agricultural Hall—Banquet to the Farmers at Windsor, given by "The Queen's"—F mous Players of the Past—The Mother of the Kembles, Mrs. Ward—Illustrations of Life amongst the Guachos of the Pampas—A Delicate Subject—Sketches from the Ianks of the Brighton Aquarium &c.

ISTON'S MERRY MOMENTS .-Every Evening at Eight. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at Three. Mirth, Music, Mimicry, Magic, and Ventriloquism. "This gentleman must be seen by everyone suffering from ennui."—Standard. Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., rs. Tickers at Box-office, and Mitchell's, Austin, and Hay's.

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AR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour of VI England, Scotland, and Ireland THEATRE ROYAL, LONDONDERRY, MONDAY, November 25,

All the principal Cities of the Empire to follow. All dates filled to end of tour.—Business Manager, T. S. Amory.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS by ARTISTS of the HRITISH and FORBIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN, at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue 7.

S PECIAL NOTICE of SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT THE LEASE AND GOODWILL, with possession, of that far famed place of Amusement and exceedingly valuable and lucrative Establishment known as THE ROYAL FORESTERS' MUSIC-HALL, CAMBRIDGE-ROAD, MILE-END, together with THE ARTICHOKE TAVERN and Private Dwelling-house adjoining.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE Rousby-Bandmann case has terminated precisely as I expected. I cannot say that either party has my sympathy, because the quarrel was one which most certainly ought never to have come before a court of justice. Neither Mrs. Rousby nor Mr. Bandmann come out of the affair with clean hands, and, had not both been blinded by vindictive passion, they must have seen that their reputations could not fail to suffer by this washing of their dirty linen in public. Enough, however, of the merits of the case. I have a word or two to say on some of its details: In the first place let me relieve myself of my indignation at the conduct of Mrs. Rousby's counsel, who, on the second day of the trial, left her alone to crossexamine as best she could two important witnesses. Of course, both Mr. Willis, Q.C., and Mr. Montague Williams have refunded the handsome fees which they received from the client whom they so shamefully deserted. That I take for granted, because both those able advocates failed to fulfil the contract between them and their client, or render the services for which they were hired. But what I complain of is the system which permits, if it does not encourage, such direlection of duty on the part of advocates. It is possible that all barristers are not so generous and honourable as Mr. Willis, Q.C., and Mr. Montague Williams, and they may decline to hand back their fees even when they have failed to do anything in return for the honorarium. Yet, if it pleases them to act thus, their unhappy client has no redress. It matters not how high a fee I pay an eminent counsel, I cannot be sure that he will not throw me over at the last moment for some client who has paid him a higher fee, and yet never refund the fee which he has received from me. I say that this is a monstrous state of things, and I hope the glaring example of the injustice and injury which it entails upon clients afforded by the case of Mrs. Rousby may open the eyes of the public to the gross manner in which they are swindled by the Bar and lead to some remedy of the abuse

The evidence in the case was very amusing, and it is curious to contrast the positive statements of the ladies on both sides with the more cautious deliverances of the gentlemen. But, dear ladies, that daring positiveness of yours leads you into terrible traps in the witness-box—especially when bland, portly Serjeant Parry is cross-examining you. I don't wish to say anything that can be construed into an ungallant aspersion upon the sex; but if ever it is my misfortune to be either plaintiff or defendant in a case, I shall stipulate that no female witnesses appear on my side. They mean well, dear creatures, but they are just a little indiscreet in their utterances.

The gem of the evidence, however, to my mind, was that of Mr. George Thomas. I must give it in full to do it justice:—

Mr. George Thomas, examined: I was on the stage of the Queen's Theatre on Monday, April 15. Mrs. Rousby and Mr. Bandmann were present. I saw Mr. Bandmann raise his arm and bring it down with the force of a sledge-hammer. (Laughter.)

The Lord Chief Justice: We are not on the stage now, sir. Pray give your evidence in a less theatrical manner. How do you say the defendant brought down his arm?—Witness: He brought down his arm with tremendous force.

The Lord Chief Justice: On what did he bring it down?-Witness: That I did not see.

I think that is delicious—that sledge-hammer falling upon some object which Mr. Thomas did not see!

Then there was Mr. Henry Plunkett's idea of the best remedy for a bruised arm—" I was horrified to see the arm, and said, 'The best thing you can do is to see Mr. Lewis,'" I am afraid Mrs. Rousby, at any rate, has not found that an attorney is the best person to salve bruises. She will probably have discovered by this time that a lawyer is a more expensive luxury than a doctor, and not half so satisfactory.

So much for this sorry squabble which has occupied the time of the Court of Queen's Bench for two whole days, and has resulted in—nothing, except the unfolding to the world of certain unpleasant rumours respecting the private characters of both parties, which are certainly not to their credit, and which as certainly will not serve to raise their reputations in the eyes of the public. The moral is that when touchy and irritable people (and the theatrical profession contains more such than any other) quariel, let them settle their differences in the comparative privacy of the professional circle in which they move, and not drag them into public, thereby bringing an honourable and worthy calling into disrepute.

Nor very long since a gentleman rejoicing in the decidedly fishy patronymic of Whale burst like a meteor upon the ring of bookmakers on the Turf. He plunged in a manner worthy of the monster of the deep from which he took his name. And he was successful. His audacity carried all before it. He seemed to be the very Napoleon of plungers. Had his success continued he would have done incalculable injury to society, because his brilliant example would have tempted scores of foolish young men to follow in his steps with fatal results. Fortunately his time came: he collapsed last week at Shrewsbury, and once more the plunger's game has been proved to be a desperate and a fatal one. It is true that knowing ones fancy that this particular plunger is not so badly "broke" as he would have the world believe. Be that as it may, there is a wail of another kind, and a very big one, among the disconsolate bookmakers.

In the State of Iowa they have a law prohibiting any sportsman from killing more than twenty-five quails in a single day. I think English sport would not suffer in quality if a similar legal restriction were enforced here in regard to grouse, partridges, and pheasants. Gilbert White, of Selborne, thought twenty partridges in a single day the limit to which the most exorbitant sportsman should confine his bag. But that was in the old flint-lock days, when the modern perfection in instruments of slaughter was never dreamt of. It is different now. We live in an age of breechloaders and "drives," and yet sportsmen wonder that "birds" grow scarcer every year. For my part, I envy the sportsmen of Iowa the contentment with moderate bags which the law enforces upon them.

IF Mr. Wybrow Robertson wants a real new and startling sensation for his Aquarium, let him send out to the Pacific for a devil-fish—a whale is nothing to this monster of the deep. Listen to the thrilling description conflict with given by a diver who came into personal this finny Titan while recovering the bullion from the wreck of the Pacific steam-ship Golden Gate. He says: We were kept in no little fear, especially during our night-work, by a sort of marine monster which the Mexicans call a devil-fish. It is not like the gigantic octopi to which that name has been given in other waters, but is a creature with two great arms to grasp and powerful jaws and teeth to rend anything it deems a prey. Individuals of the species are often seen weighing as much as four tons, and it is upon record that at least one enormous specimen has been captured by an English man-of-war which, from the dimensions given, must have weighed fully eight tons. One of those monsters one night parted my life-line, and another night one was settling down over me to devour me, when he was seen by the crew of the boat, who struck him with an oar and frightened him away. If he had once got his arms about me, nothing could have saved me from being sliced up by his jaws."

HERE is an epitaph which I am assured is to be seen in a churchyard at Boston (Massachusetts):—

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
BIDDIE O'RAFFERTY,
By her well-beloved husband
PATRICK O'RAFFERTY.

Biddie was the daughter of Michael Flynn, who died but a few years ago, and who is pleasantly remembered by the best and oldest citizens of Boston. Michael was an industrious and prudent citizen, and in his younger days worked out where the commons is now. Land was cheap in those days.

prudent citizens of Boston. Michael was an industrious and prudent citizen, and in his younger days worked out where the commons is now. Land was cheap in those days.

If anyone wants to know any more about Michael's history, they can get it by applying to Archbishop Williams—God bless him!—who is fully acquainted with it, and who respected Michael very much.

May her soul rest in peace!

If this pleasing system of tombstone biography were generally adopted our cemeteries would become al fresco libraries, and literature and stone-cutting would become almost synonymous terms, which, except in a few unique cases, I can hardly say they are at present.

I am told that a new club has been established under the title of "The Ladies' Walking Club." There is a curious rule of the Club by which the only males allowed to participate in its pleasures must be married men, clergymen of all denominations being strictly excluded. I don't mind so much about the exclusion of clergymenthey might take advantage of the occasion to do a little sly proselytising; but why exclude bachelors? Of course the retort will be that if bachelors be admitted the Club will at once degenerate from a "Walking" into a "Flirting Club." But are married men incapable of flirting? Perhaps Sir James Hannen could answer that question in the negative. Now, I have a suggestion to make. This "Ladies' Walking Club," though possibly the promoters of it may not be aware of the fact, is really only a revival of an old mediæval institution. In an old "Manual of Manners," compiled in the fourteenth century, I find the following rules laid down for what were evidently," Ladies' Walking Clubs":—"As you go look straight before you, with your eyelids low and your eyes fixed, looking forward to the ground thirty feet in front of you, and not looking at, or turning your eyes towards, man or woman who may be to your right or left, nor looking upwards, nor changing your look from one place to another, nor laughing, nor stopping to speak to anyone in the street."

At first sight these look very cruel and arbitrary regula-tions. But on further research I find that bachelors were not prohibited from enjoying ambulatory exercise with these fair ones under certain conditions. The conditions were these :- When a lady walked with one of the opposite sex, she was to give him the tips of her fingers only, and she and her partner were each to look in different directions! The height of delicacy and etiquette for a gentleman on such occasions was to hold the lady by one finger onlya happy device for reducing to a minimum the temptation to indulge in a significant squeeze. The most artful gallant could hardly convey much amatory expression into the pinch of a finger and thumb. Let me commend the idea to the attention of the "Ladies' Walking Club," as a means of obviating the difficulty of welcoming bachelors as guests. What more beautiful and touching picture of delicacy and decorum could you possibly have than that of a string of ladies and gentlemen—two and two attached to one another by a finger only, with their faces studiously averted from one another, taking their walks abroad! Ludicrous, you say! Not a bit of it! think of the propriety of the thing, and propriety can never be ludicrous to any well-regulated mind.

THE Mark-Lane Express is a journal for which I have the profoundest respect; but when I find it fathering my note on Malthus in India upon the World, I feel that this is altogether too practical an illustration of the sic vos non vobis adage.

The Great Eastern Railway has declared against woman's rights in the most ungallant manner. It has refused to allow anglers' privilege tickets to ladies. Possibly this may be purely a piece of paternal legislation on the part of the company, and may be designed only to prevent the pretty dears from catching cold at this inclement season of the year. For the credit of the directors' gallantry I hope this may be the true reason. Otherwise I cannot se why the fair followers of the gentle craft—who are, I can assure the directors, not less enthusiastic in their devotion to the sport than their comrades of the sterner sex—should be debarred from a privilege extended to what are facetiously called "the lords of creation."

Apropos to lady anglers. I see that my old college tutor, in a graceful obituary notice of Mr. W. G. Clark, late public orator of Cambridge and erstwhile Tutor of Trinity, gives the following as the last jeu d'esprit of his deceased friend:—

The Field having announced that the beautiful Miss —— had caught a salmon 17lb. in weight, the following lines were written by Mr. Clark:—

Not artificial flies my fancy took,
Nature's own magic lured me to your hook;
Play me no more—no thought to 'scape have I:
But lasd me, land me, at your feet to die.
ich thus re-appeared after passing through four language
Why rod in hand and glowing, why,

Which thus re-appeared after passing through four languages:

Why rod in hand and glowing, why,

My simple little dear?
What need have you with hook and fly

To come a fishing here?
Smile but one smile, I'll gladly do

Much more than you desire;
I'll swim to you, and quickly too,

And at your feet expire.

THE old fisherman in Jean Ingelow's charming poem, "Brothers and a Sermon," was much amazed when the two young gentlemen asked him what "syle" were—

"Good lack!" the old man cried,
And shook his head; "to think you gentlefolk
Should ask what syle be? Look you: I can't say
What syle be called in your fine dictionaries,
Nor what name God Almighty calls them by
When their food's ready and He sends them south;
But our folk call them syle and nought but syle;
And when they're grown, why then we call them herring.
I tell you, Sir, the water is as full
Of them as pastures be of blades of grass;
You'll draw a score out in a landing net,
And none of them be longer than a pin."

Probably that "wrinkled churchgoer" was not aware that "syle" and whitebait are identical. Indeed, it is a fact which our expert naturalists have long been doubtful upon. At last, however, it has dawned upon those interested in the herring-fishery that "syle" and "whitebait" are really synonymous terms, and that the herring-fishery is seriously suffering from the destruction of the fry to gratify the palate of the epicure. Mr. Frank Buckland has been deputed to inquire into the matter, and we may confidently hope that before long the vexed question, "What are whitebait?" will be definitely and satisfactorily answered. Personally I should be exceedingly sorry if the identification were proved, and who that has ever tasted the delicious little fishlings will not sympathise with me? For I feel that I could not any longer conscientiously eat whitebait if I were assured that I was thereby ruining one of the profitable industries of the country.

In reference to a paragraph quoted in this journal last week from an American contemporary, describing the biscuit used by the German cavalry, a correspondent writes that he has never yet met with a horse that could do with less than 15lbs. per diem of even Spratt's Horse Biscuits, which, if anything, contain more nutriment than the biscuit alleged to be in use in the German cavalry. "It appears absurd, therefore," he adds, "to state that a horse can be kept on 3½lbs. per diem of such biscuit as that described in your paragraph. For if such a thing could be done the sooner oats and hay are abandoned the better. Indeed, a complete revolution in the system of horse feeding must ensue, seeing that the biscuit in question could be manufactured and sold for £12 per ton, or about 1½d. per lb. This would make the total cost of keeping one horse, say, 4d. per day, or 2s. 4d. per week. Now 2s. 4d. is just about what it costs per day to keep a horse at the existing prices of horse food. Can you explain the extraordinary statement which you have published?" For my own part I candidly admit that I cannot explain it; but if it piesages a reduction in the price of horse-food I am sure many readers of this journal will devoutly hope that it may be speedily corroborated.

Will any preux chevalier tell me at what age a man may consider himself exempted from the claims of gallantry when they entail considerable personal discomfort? I do not think I am a whit less chivalrous than the ordinary run of persons who call them elves gentlemen, but I think that after a man is five and thirty years of age he should be spared those severe trials of his gallantry which he welcomed with enthusiasm before "the hateful crow began to tread the corners of his eyes." Let me give an example of what I mean. This morning I was comfortably seated in a first-class carriage on the Metropolitan Railway. There were a eady six occupants of the compartment, but in spite of all my remonstrances a party of seven ladies, or rather, I should say, young girls, insisted on forcing their way into the compartment. Three of them, of course, were unable to find seats. Two young men rose and offered theirs. I resolutely kept my seat for a moment for I may as well confess that I am no longer in the first bloom of youth-then with a sigh I rose and sacrificed my comfort on the shrine of gallantry. Yet it was hard upon me to expect that I should make myself exceedingly uncomfortable for a girl young enough to be my daughter. Again, I ask then, at what age may a man regard himself as excused from such sacrifices to women?

Nothing, to my mind, could be in more exectable taste than the plan adopted by the Lancet of publishing in extenso diagnoses of fatal diseases in the cases of public men, as has recently been done in the case of Mr. Phelps. A medical man has no right to divulge the particulars of his patient's illness, because that patient may be a well-known character. In all times medical men have been entrusted with secrets, and their honour has never been questioned. The ancient Greeks took an oath, which is called the oath of Hippocrates, one clause of which is—"And whatever I hear or see in the course of a cure, or otherwise relating to the affairs of life, nobody shall ever know it, if it ought to remain a secret." I should have thought that good taste and gentlemanly feeling would nowadays have obviated the necessity of such an oath of secrecy, but as it appears that this is not so, I think we might with advantage revert to the old Greek custom.

ROUND ROBIN.

THE AMATEURS.

A NOTICEABLE feature in the theatrical world of late years has been the growth and advance of amateur performances: their number has increased enormously, and their value considerably. During last winter—the most successful season ever known—nearly every evening had its two or three performances, in London and its suburbs alone; while the metropolitan stage is more and more largely recruited from the ranks of amateurs who have passed through only the briefest provincial apprenticeship—perhaps none at all. This may, it is true, show overconfidence on the part of such novices; but it proves, at least, that they must have acquired a fair technical knowledge of their art.

It is, then, a thing to be wondered at that, in these days, when every class has its "organ," the amateurs have no representative in the press. Theatrical journals too often appear desirous to flatter "professionals" by a constant and unjust severity to amateurs; though no class ought to be so well liked by managers and actors, for none goes so regularly to the theatre, nor does so much to spread a taste for and an intelligent interest in it. A few entirely non-professional journals have been started, but it need hardly be said that there is not a sufficient public for these; and such papers have generally gone to a somewhat absurd extreme in their indiscriminate praise.

It has appeared, then, to the proprietors of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS that here was a want which they might well supply: the want of a journal wherein amateurs should make sure of finding, week by week, not only criticisms really just and impartial, but all the news of their microcosm, their world within the greater world of the stage, a chronicle of the establishment and performances of their own and other clubs, with (it is hoped) notices of their prospective arrangements, their intentions, and their needs; besides, of course, the usual professional news in which they must naturally be interested. It has been resolved to devote a column regularly to criticisms of performances in London and the suburbs—with notices of doings further afield, if secretaries of country clubs will send us brief and sensible accounts of their achievements.

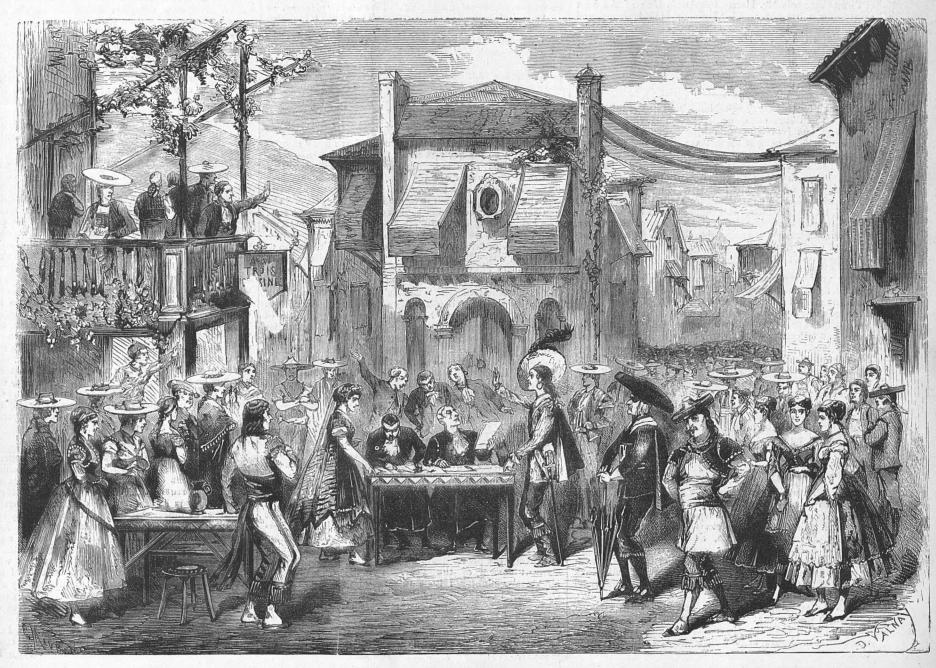
The making amateur work a regular feature in a newspaper is of course to a certain extent an experiment; but we hope—we have perhaps a right to expect—that the amateurs will heartily support us in it: that they will, at least, give our weekly column a fair trial. Especially we must request; them to give us early notice of every performance, that they may ensure the attendance of our critic: for whose comfort we will ask them always to forward to us a programme, particulars as to railway stations and trains (in the case of suburban performances), and two tickets. Every week we shall (with their assistance) give a list of the "coming events" of the week following; while clubs desirous of greater publicity, or of attracting fresh members, will be able to advertise at the same reduced rate as the professional London theatres.



MAURICE DENGREMONT, THE CHILD VIOLINIST.

REFORM DRAMATIC CLUB, Manor Rooms, Hackney (November 9th).—A performance of Mr. Byron's comedy, Weak Woman, at Blackheath, was chronicled last week, another atKing's Cross looms in the distance, and it is now my duty to speak of one at Hackney. A three-act play sounds ambitious work for amateurs, but the three acts of Weak Woman are as little ambitious as may be—which is as well, for the Reform Club is not, at present, one of extraordinary strength, and it supplemented the comedy by the substantial old farce of The Lottery Ticket. Result—the performance, announced to conclude by 10.15, was just about an hour late. Both pieces went fairly well; but one could not help thinking how greatly things would have been improved—such things, especially, as elocution, pronunciation, and "business"—by the engagement of a competent professional stage-manager. To come to particulars. The principal character in the comedy, Captain Ginger, was played energetically by Mr. A. J. Butteau, who tried his hardest to be funny; indeed, he tried much too hard to succeed; while the other comic man, Tootal (Mr. W. R. Benn), was altogether too gentle and retiring. He was, however, moderately amusing, and a very lion of ferocity, compared to another Mr. Benn (initialled G. A., and evidently a brother), whose Arthur Medwyn depressed us very much. The best played of the male characters was the old Doctor, in which Mr. Barton Powell showed a good deal of brightness and intelligence, though he also tried to be rather too funny; and the small part of Edwards was well acted by Mr. C. Cockerell. The hero (Mr. Alfred Hobson) was not exactly bad—he had a certain amount of energy and sense—but he exaggerated the roughness and awkwardness of the part; while the heroine (Miss Frederica Taylor), though an intelligent and careful actress, was quite out of her proper line of business. Mrs. Gunn was well played by Miss Bessie Walters; and best of all was Miss Ada Mellon, whose Lilian wanted neither piquancy nor force. In The Lottery Ticket, too, this lady

BIJOU, NOTTING-HILL (November 13th).—A scanty audience assembled to witness the first of a series of Wednesday evening performances, to be given by Mr. Fred Russell's Dramatic Company; The Lottery Ticket, a recitation, and Grimaldi being the bill of fare. Of Mr. Douglas's delivery of The Uncle I can honestly say that it was the best performance of the evening, being, indeed, thoroughly sensible and satisfactory. As an actor he was not so good, but his Lord Shafton showed some promise; Mr. Russell made a capital Wopshot, and Mr. White Noel's Maltravers, if conventional, was not bad; but here, I am afraid, my praise must cease. It was not that the others were particularly bad—though of the English of Mr. Conyers Norton and the French of Mr. Chadwick, the words "dror up" and "mong



"LA PERICHOLE," OFFENBACH'S OPERA-BOUFFE, NOW PLAYING AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—LAST SCENE IN ACT I.

joo" are not unfair specimens—but the whole affair appeared to have been so imperfectly rehearsed that no satisfactory result was possible. The company does not lack amateurs of fair ability: what it wants is care in management and time and trouble given to rehearsal.

"OURS" CLUB, LADBROKE HALL, NOTTING HILL (November 9th).—It is pleasant to have to chronicle the establishment of a club whose members are so unambitious and so educated as those who gave their first per-

those who gave their first per-formance last Saturday. They only played three farces, and they played them well—the last two, at all events; for our reprethey played them well—the last two, at all events; for our representative confesses with shame that he was too late for the first, D'ye know Me Now? in which appeared Messrs. Palmer, Jeffcock, Wellington, White, Froom, and Nicholson. After this Mr. A. Hinckes Bird recited, most tranquilly, "The Dream of Eugene Aram;" and then came Mr. Merivale's comedietta, A Husband in Clover, in the course of which Miss Florence Craven very candidly informed the audience that she "did not know any more." "However, this fortunately turned out to be a misstatement, and she played the part very well, and in the concluding farce, A Cup of Tea, was still better, acting, indeed, with a great vivacity and refinement Mr. A Palmer made with a great vivacity and re-finement. Mr. A. Palmer made a really spirited and funny Scroggins; but Mr. Hinckes Bird was too tranquil even for Sir Charles, and I cannot conscientiously praise Mr. C. P. F. Froom. Still, the performance was, upon the whole, a very pleasant one.

CARSHALTON PUBLIC HALL (November 12th).—The Goose with the Golden Eggs, Checkmate, and the Area Belle are a good deal for some half-dozen amateurs, and two ladies, to get through in one evening; but they did it at Carshalton, under the management of Mr. J. O. Jacobs, briskly and punctually enough—though the omission of the first farce would probably have been an improvement. In CARSHALTON PUBLIC HALL have been an improvement. In

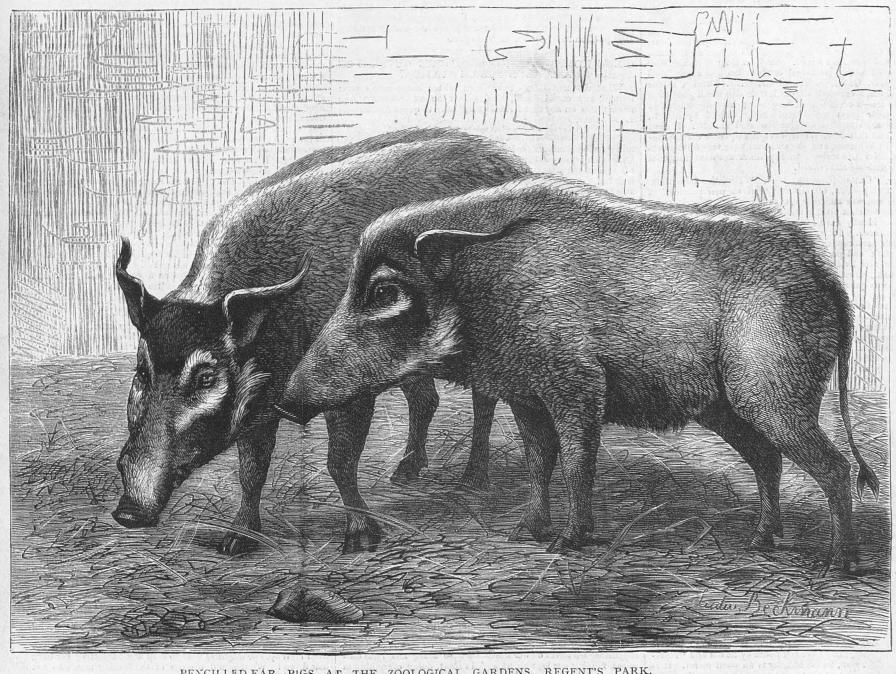


THEATRICAL TYPES .- No. 2. THE LEADER OF T.E ORCHESTRA.

this Mr. Jacobs seemed entirely out of his element, and was so very bad that his performance of Sir Everton Toffee (in Checkmate) quite took one by sur-prise—it was thoroughly intel-ligent and gentlemanly, and would have been very good if nervousness had not depressed Mr. Jacobs, and made him keep his eyes fixed on the ground rather too constantly. Mr. G. J. B. Jackson played Flickster and Sam Winkle, the former sharply and carefully, and the latter very brightly indeed, especially in the scene before the groom disguises as a gen-tleman. Mr. C. H. L. Gilks was very helpless as Bonser, while Mr. (or Master) W. B. Gilks was needlessly obstre-Gilks was needlessly obstre-perous as a page. Mr. F. Wil-liams showed considerable humour as Strap and Chalks though a little less effort would have made him funnier still; and the two low comedians in the Area Belle (Messrs. F. N. Dickson and C. J. Brightling) acted fairly enough. Miss Bessie Harcourt and Miss Nellie Harrison supported the amateurs carefully in each piece; Miss Harcourt's Martha Bunn and Miss Harrison's Penelope being among the best performances of the evening. I may note that the scenery and all accessories were supplied by Messrs. Harrison.

BEES CRICKET CLUB, St. George's Hall (November 14).

—Half-a-dozen years is a good old age for an amateur club, and I was pleased to find no signs of decrepitude in last Thursof decrepitude in last Thursday's performance, announced as the "sixth annual dramatic entertainment" of the Bees. The first portion of the programme, Morton's farce, Fitzsmythe of Fitzsmythe Hall, was indeed very far above the ordinary amateur standard, and was really enjoyable. Mr. V. Hall of the sixth of the sixt nary amateur standard, and was really enjoyable. Mr. V. H. Larner played the very trying part of Fitzsmythe with unflagging energy, and thoroughly appreciated and brought out the humour of the character; almost the whole weight of the farce rested upon him, and he bore it well. Mr. G. F. Hope



PENCILLED-EAR PIGS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

was, perhaps, a little too conscious that he was being funny as Gregory; but he was funny, which is, after all, the one thing necessary. The two cricketers were played naturally enough by Messrs. Shilton and Commin, but the accent of the principal one was hardly of the purest. As for Mr. A. T. Pretty, as Frank Tottenham, he was decidedly the best of all, playing with ease, and force, and giving a distinct character of sturdy humour to an ordinary light-o-medy part. Mrs. Stephenson was sufficiently careful and sensible as Mrs. Fitrsmythe (the part is not a great one), and Miss Lena Young was as good a Penelope as need be. The second part of the performance, Halliday s Loving Cup, went well, if not quite so well, but in truth the play is not a good one; it is rambling, coramonplace, and unsatisfactoyy. About the best part in it (of the men) is Jack Easy, which used to fit the late Mr. Dewar "like a glove;" it was by no means badly played by Mr. W. R. Sterling. Though he was not letter-perfect, he understood the lines, and gave them with due humour and point, but his dress and "make up" were much too suggestive of the British workman—he did not look the part, and thus acted against an immense disadvantage. Mr. T. H. French, too (as Ned Thornton), in the first act was very mappropriately dressed; amateurs so often forget that it is quite as possible to be natural and picturesque as to be natural and commonplace. In the second scene he looked, and consequently appeared to act, much better, though the part did not suit him particularly well. To carry on my objection, Mr. W. J. C. Goodall's rags in his second act were much too gloomy; however, though he seemed rather nervous, he succeeded in conveying to his audience a very fair idea of the pleasant, foolish little "swell." Mr. C. S. Handscomb was a satisfactory John Hudson—more than satisfactory one could hardly be in the part; and there is not much else to be said of Mrs. Stephenson, doomed to appear as Mrs. Driver. The part of Lucy Lee is rather a trying one; but t

NELSON DRAMATIC CLUB, St. George's Hall (November 16).

—The gentlemen of Waterloo House, Cockspur Street, are among those bold and ambitious amateurs who like their programmes to rival in substance those of "professionals," who undertake fearlessly their three pieces in an evening - though it is true that in the present case they have ventured upon no very daring novelty in their selection; indeed, The Post Boy and The Spitalfields in eaver are, to some of us, just a little too familiar. However, it is only fair to say that the Ne'son Club showed no signs the other evening of having overtasked itself. The comedietta and drama went as smoothly and well as could be wished, and if I cannot say the same of the farce, it is from no fault of Mr. Martin (the Simmons), Miss Mellon (the Adèle), or their coadjutors, but simply because I was unable to stay to witness this concluding portion of the programme. But to what I did see: Wooler's pretty piece Faint Heart did Win a Fair Lady depended mainly, of course, upon the Rosa (Miss Wiber), who carried it along with capital vigour and piquancy: and she was very well supported by Mr. W. Andrew, who gave pleasantly and cleverly the awkward shyness which seems the birthright of all stage Peters. Mr. George H. Cook was brisk and light enough as Conrad, adding materially to the "go" of the piece; and Mr. Walker, as the Professor, was fair enough, although he Mr. Walker, as the Professor, was fair enough, although he showed no real sense of character. In *The Post Boy* the interest naturally centred in the Joe Spurrit (Mr. Walter Martin), who played with an evenness, an intelligence, a command of both pathos and humour, rare among amateurs. A little more variety would have been an improvement, and, in parts, a little more force; but altogether the performance was an extremely good one. Mr. George Oliver (the Fubbs) pleased his andience extremely, but his fun was dreadfully forced. Sir John Bingley (not an easy part) was acted with a good deal of discretion and a good deal of care by Mr. G. H. Cook; and Mr. R. J. Thomas, as the wavering husband, executed a difficult task with much good taste and intelligence—a certain monotony being his only noticeable wavering husband, executed a difficult task with much good taste and intelligence—a certain monotony being his only noticeable failing. Minor parts were satisfactorily played by Mr. L. Driskell (Fesac) and Miss Maggie Rosalind (Lacet). It need scarcely be said that Miss Wiber was quite equal to the requirements of Miss Wharton, and the amateurs were very fortunate in their Maria, Miss Ada Mellon, whose performance was throughout exceedingly pathetic and refined.

Hanover Club (Lecture Hall, Walworth Institution, November 20th.)—This, the eleventh "private performance" of the Hanoverians, was an affair altogether so unpretending and so quiet, that criticism upon it seems almost out of place; especially as it evidently gave intense delight to a curiously naive suburban audience. It is, however, no unkindness to remark that the club handicapped itself heavily by playing a comedy so uterly weak and poor as the Babes in the Wood—a piece of which the best living actors could not possibly make anything. It went, however, smoothly enough—after the first half-hour, which was quite inaudible. The best of the amateurs was (fortunately) cast for the hero; Frank Rushton. Mr. Edgar Blackmore was quiet—indeed too quiet, for he was not generally audible—painstaking, intelligent and pleasant throughout. Mr. J. H. Murch, again, played the Earl of Lazenby with good effect, though the part is an exceedingly conventional one, and there are few things more difficult for a young man than to impersonate a serious, commonplace old one. It sounds odd to find fault with an amateur for being amateurish; but there is some amateurishness which one cannot quite stand, and such was that of the gentleman who played Mr. Slidell. Then, was there ever any being quite so lovely as the Sir George Loosestrife on this earth? No; he was a perfect embodiment of the "curled darlings" of the London Journal, as was the Mr. Todd of its writhing villains. To finish the male characters. Mr. E. A. Whittle was altogether too gentle as Beetle, yet his was a pleasant and even a characteristic performance. Miss Annie Conway played the heroine, at first inaudibly, afterwards very well; and I have no fault to find with Miss Kate Twiss, the Trotter. The bold, easy, and almost oppressively-natural Mrs. Beetle of Mrs. Newbery of course stood out prominently from the other characters, and gained the heartiest applause and laughter of the evening. After the comedy came Twenty Minutes with a Tiger, which went fairly enough, in sp

A. D. C. (Cambridge).—Throughout last week this old and famous club gave a series of performances of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* and *John Dobbs*, with a success which it is hardly an exaggeration to call unprecedented. "Coached" by Mr. Horace Wigan and ably assisted also by Mr. Belford, they were sure to deserve success; but they did a good deal more, and commanded it (if Imay be; allowed to irreverently invert Addison). The "principals" were, without exception, up to the work; and to the singular goodness of the "supers" testimony has been borne by an old and "representative" A L.C. man, whose identity is an open secret. It is known to be an invidious task to distinguish between the major

and the minor prophets, and I hope that the majority, whom I must perforce leave unnoticed, will not consider themselves thereby ranked (in another sense) in the minority. One of the great succe-ses of the performance was unquestionably the Sam Willoughby of Lord Binning; it is a part which ought never to be played by a girl—if only one could get a boy to play it—and this Sam was admirably natural and spirited, his bye-play being really remarkable. The Mrs. Willoughby (Mr. Cullum) was also excellent; the humour of the part has now a little lost its freshness, but there was no want of spontaneity about Mr. Cullum's garrulous old lady. And the most important role of all—that of the hero, Bob Brierly—was played with a Lancashire accent which seemed, to non-Lancastrian ears, at all events) irreproachable, and with much manliness and feeling by Mr. J. W. Lowther. With the Melter Moss (Hon. A. G. Lawley) I must find some fault, he was too quiet, lacked some of the force for the vicious old Hebrew "fence," but his was nevertheless a most creditable performance, for an amateur, of a tremendous part. Mr. C. H. E. Brookfield's Jim Dalton was particularly clever, nor need one look for a quieter or stronger Hawkshaw than the Hon R. O. A. Milnes. Mr. N. Chisenhale Marsh, capitally made up as a pudgy Maltby (something after the manner of David James), deserves a special word of pr ise; and "the ladies" in the drama and the farce were astoni-hingly ladylike, the May Edwards (Mr. G. A. Bolton) being indeed most pathetic and refined. John Dobbs, the farce, went merrily, the Hon. R. Milnes being really funny in the title rôle, while Mr. W. G. Elliot was noticeably good as Peter Paternoster. Finally (though it is against my general rule) I must give a line of especial praise to the perfect "make ups" of Mr. Clarkson and the capital dresses of Messrs. Nathan, of Tichborne-street, who, it is interesting to note, have "dressed" the A.D.C. since their beginning.

COMING EVENTS.—November 23rd.—St, George's Hall: Cyril's Success, Good for Nothing. November 27th.—Windsor (Windsor Strollers): Our Bitterest Foe, A Scrap of Paper; Walworth Lecture Hall (Vaudeville D.C.). November 28th.—Farnborough Station (Royal Military College). November 29th.—Windsor (Strollers): Shadows, A Cup of Tea. November 30th.—St. George's Hall (C.S. Volunteers): Chiselling, Meg's Diversion, Critic (Act 2).

AUTOLYCUS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS CORA STUART,

Whose portrait we have this week the pleasure of publishing, was born in the year 1858, and studied music from an early age. She made a successful débût at a Crystal Palace Concert, and made her first appearance on the operatic stage as Maritana, in the opera of that name, at the Alexandra Palace, in the year 1873. She was at that time a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, to which, however, she did not long continue attached; and her first really important success on the lyric stage was made in the opera of Biorn, written by Mr. Frank Marshall, composed by Signor Lauro Rossi, and produced two or three seasons back at the Queen's Theatre, London. Miss Stuart acted the part of Malcolm with so much grace and vigour, and sang the florid music of her rôle with such fluency and effect, that she made a decided advance in public favour. She recently succeeded Miss Kate Munroe as the representative of Germaine in Les Cloches de Corneville, now running a prosperous career at the Globe Theatre,—and has become a general favourite with the musical public. She has a bright, flexible and sympathetic soprano voice, which she has already learned to use with considerable skill; her acting is full of vivacity; her personal advantages are greatly in her favour, and we cherish the hope that she will hereafter take a high position in legitimate English opera.

GOING HOME—A SCENE FROM THE OUTSIDE OF A LONDON POLICE STATION.

What eloquent things have been written about man's most faithful and useful friend, the dog, that honest creature "who never fawns on any that he loves not," who, to quote Mr. Robert Lowe s lines.

Content with harmless sports and moderate food, Boundless in love, and taith, and gratitude,

ministers to his master's enjoyments, obeys his very look, guards his home with jealous watchfulness, and is ready to defend him with his life against the attacks of all his enemies, man or beast! And here is an artist's comment thereon, sketched the other day from the outside of a London police station. There is just now an unusually large number of homeless deserted dogs in the streets, for the dog tax has been increased, and there has come upon the gloomy and chilly air of this year's November a melancholy wail of mourning from a Government pitifully distressed. Its last overexacting effort has recoiled upon itself, and this year the dog tax is, it seems, unusually unproductive. The poor man's faithful friend, with all his "boundless love, and faith, and gratitude," must either be mercifully killed or turned adrift to take the chance of finding a new master, or starvation, or death by poison, or the "Dog's Home"—for times are hard and wages low. Even mean wealthy men find in the increased tax a "last straw," and reluctantly dismiss their dogs. Hence this woeful Governmental cry, hence this new rigidly-enforced house-to-house visitation by dog-tax collectors, hence this more frequent coming and going of carts full of dogs between their charitably-supported "Home" and the London police stations, which we this week pictorially chronicle. Many mourn, but it is not all sadness. Dogs' enemies abound, and are gleeful, and at least one section of the community rejoices greatly. The dog-tax is the burglar's best friend, and the other day, in obedience to orders from head-quarters, policemen commenced a house-to-house visitation on their own account recommending every householder to keep a dog for the safety of premises during the long winter nights. Of a verity we are consistent beings we men, and, if dogs think, as many believe they do, it is, perhaps, well for us that they cannot also speak.

SEAL-HUNTING ON AN ISLAND IN THE NORTH SEA.

Seal-hunting is a laborious but at the same time peculiar and exciting sport. The modus operandi is as follows:—
Stretched out on the sand, the hunter endeavours to imitate the movement of the seal, which, thus deceived, approaches him, apprehending no danger, and is easily secured or destroyed. The seal in the North Sea has, however, become more cunning in consequence of the constant persecution of man, and the comparatively large number which still make their appearance on the islands in that sea proves that the seal holds its ground successfully against the efforts of its hunters. During a recent visit to the Island of Wangeroog, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of watching this strange mammal.

We rose early in the morning, and reach the shore at ebb tide. Here stretch ourselves out in a favourable spot on the sand, we made ready for action. Sticking our elbows into the sand, and supporting ourselves on our knees, we slide along and raise ourselves, flinging our legs about, and, in short, doing everything in our power to represent a perfect likeness of a seal. The fatigue

and strain consequent on our comical position is fast causing us to give way, when suddenly our attention is attracted, for the first seal has at length made its appearance in the surge which plays round the sand-bank. Helplessly resisting the running water, the seal reaches the bank and extends itself in the sun. Its dark, shining skin becomes pale, and presents a beautiful clear colour. It is only in the young that the skin is dark. With age it turns paler, and is sometimes of a brown yellow, or almost a white hue, and bright as silver. We now fix our gaze on the arm of the sea which separates us from the sand-bank. A small head appears, and now a bigger one. It is an old seal with its young one. In their heads, which resemble that of a dog, are fixed large bright eyes, which stare at us steadfastly. While the young one swims boldly, and prepares to rise out of the water, the old one hesitates, and suddenly darts on to the young one, and seizes it by the neck, and throwing it on its back, disappears with it under the waters.

It is clear that we have not managed matters well enough to deceive the careful mother, but hope that fortune will bring us a less cautious one. And, in fact, the bright fixed eyes soon appear again, this time approaching us nearer.

Now's the time. Raising our guns with trembling hands, we prepare to fire. The dark figure of a seal rises out of the seeth-

Now's the time. Raising our guns with trembling hands, we prepare to fire. The dark figure of a seal rises out of the seething foam, and springs, carried along by the wave on to the shore. Our leader gives the order in a low voice, and we place our guns to our cheeks. Frightened at this strange movement, the seal turns, presenting its side incautiously to us. The report resounds over the waters, and the seal retreats, struck in the head, towards

THE "PIRATES DE LA SAVANE."

the protective deep, and falls lifeless into the breakers.

This piece has been reproduced at the Theatre Historique, in Paris, where the grand element of attraction is the appearance of Mdlle. Océana, a circus rider of great celebrity, and a very beautiful woman, who has been engaged to play a dumb, but, at the same time, a very difficult part. The scene which our artist has drawn represents Mdlle. Océana fastened on the back of a wild horse, which carries her away across the Savannah. The new piece is as attractive in Paris as Mazeppa has been in London, and for very similar reasons, although with reference to the latter too much cannot be said against the vile taste which gives a woman a man's part to play merely for the opportunity it affords of displaying her person.

MAURICE DENGREMONT, THE ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD VIOLINIST.

The little virtuoso is the son of French parents, and was born in Rio Janeiro on the 19th of March, 1867, where his father was one of the first violinists in the Imperial Chapel. At a very early age the son displayed so great a disposition and talent for the instrument that when only six years old he began to receive instruction, and, after three years' study, obtained the first prize medal, permission being granted him to wear it on the ribbon of the Brazilian Order of the Rose. He also received, on proceeding to Paris, for the purpose of taking lessons from Leonard, a pension of 3,600 francs from the Emperor Pedro II. Maurice soon created great sensation in Paris. Hermann, who was at that time director of music in that city, heard him play, and joined his father in undertaking a professional tour through Sweden, the success of which far exceeded their expectation. In the course of four months they gave eighty concerts, thirty of which took place in Stockholm. He then went to Berlin, where he was first engaged for two performances, which were subsequently increased to four, and he soon became the "Enfant Chéri" of the select and critical audiences of the Royal Opera House. The Emperor William expressed a wish to hear Maurice play, and a special engagement was arranged for that purpose. From Berlin he proceeded to Hamburgh, and from there to Cologne, Dusseldorf, Mayence, and other places. It may be mentioned here, that having received a letter of introduction from his master Leonard to Joachim, the celebrated viol.nist, Maurice played a good deal to him, and was highly complimented on his performance. Competent judges have expressed themselves regarding Dengremont as follows:—His handling of the bow is elegant, and has the peculiar advantage over the style of Italian violicists of producing tones of the purest quality; sometimes the execution of the left hand is not equal to the right; the passages are distinguished for elegance and correctness of execution; his knowledge of harmony is very advanced. It is a re

THE CHESS PLAYERS.

The pictures of the celebrated French painter, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonnier, are popular, wherever they are found, and the subject from which our engraving has been produced is one of the best known and most praised. Its story is told with so much completeness and force as to render any supplementary description from our pen a thing altogether unnecessary.

THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

The leader of the band, as the musical director used to be called, is a most important person in a theatre, and he will lose no chance of letting you know the fact either. His importance is easily proved, for in looking over the advertising columns of theatrical organs you will commonly find insertions such as this: "Wanted, a bramatic Company, also small Band. Terms, shares—houses checked. Sataries given to band"—which clearly shows that even in theatres of the most humble class the musicians are held in higher esteem than the poor players who strut and fret their hours away on the pot-luck understanding of "terms, shares." Consequently, as I have already said, the leader of such an independent body must be a man of great importance; and no wonder, for what, may I ask, would the drama be without his music, especially old-fashioned drama? What would the villain be without his music to play him on and off? What would be the use of his "This to thy heart!" unless it was punctuated with that startling note of exclamation from all the united instruments of the orchestra? There would be no sympathy scarcely for the suffering wife, when driven from her home into the snow, without those harrowing little sobs and strains of music to which she must always make a measured exit. Who would care a fig for the leading lady going mad, and seeing the bleeding spectacle of her murdered lover, minus those tremulous spasms from the band? Why, she might as well go mad without letting her back hair down! What would become of the leading man who has been an idiot all through the piece, and who must recover

senses in the tag, after his brain has been purified by several pistol shots? How could he see his mother in the clouds through senses in the tag, after his brain has been purified by several pistol shots? How could he see his mother in the clouds through the back of the gallery, or die in ease, without music? Only to expect such a thing would be impossible. So, you see, whether leader of the band, or musical director, the post is one of great distinction. How well, too, he keeps his men together; or if they should go astray, how he glares! It may be the cornet is a little hoarse, or the flute gives evidence of a touch of asthma, or that Goliath of the violin tribe, the double-bass, may be a trifle erratic. If so, you will see him look at the offender as if his eyes flashed forth anathemas. Oh, your leader is a dangerous man, I can tell you, when roused; he will bear a great deal, but don't strike him with a false note. Leader of the band! What a host of recollections the name conjures up, quaint faces and odd figures rise before me as memory travels back to the landmarks of the past. How different was the leader of our theatre to the conductor of the present day. He entered the orchestra, violin the past. How different was the learner of the theater to the conductor of the present day. He entered the orchestra violin in hand, and took his seat, heedless of the audience; you could see at a glance whatever family he might have at home the child of his heart was his fiddle; he handled it with care, and there was a tenderness in his touch which would only be equalled by a young mother's first embrace of the newlyborn baby. Once, I remember, when there was an alarm of fire in the theatre he started from his seat and darted to the nearest in the theatre he started from his seat and darted to the hearest outlet with his child-like fiddle clutched to his breast. In public you would see him with his light loose coat thrown open, his trousers of the loudest check pattern, his iron-looking bluchers, surmounted with a stolid pair of grim old gaiters, and the left side of his collar always in a chronic state of crumple. There was an unmistakable German-Jew look about his strongly marked face, and his long, lank hair strayed carelessly behind his ears. But what a change when his fiddle was in the full witchery of its melody! Those large dreamy eyes were alive with expressive sparkles, and the morose look upon his face melted into one of sympathetic woe as he seemed to listen to the pathetic story of his own music. Such was the love entertained for that violin of his that when he died there was a special request found, asking in the most earnest terms that it might be buried with him, so that no other hand should profane his idol.

In looking at the band I have often wondered why little men

In looking at the band I have often wondered why little men generally choose the largest musical instruments. We know with men and women that "in joining contrast lieth love's delight," and this rule must surely hold good with musicians, for it is no uncommon thing to see a very small man grappling a double-bass, or a huge, gaunt-looking fellow breathing the mildest notes into a slim little flute, or a weak-kneed individual hammering till his arms ache again at a gigantic drum.

As I have already said, the band will be paid, or the watchword is "no pay, no music." I remember a rather humorous incident occurring in a certain theatre where the manager was in difficulties. The leader scented the affair, and demanded money in advance for himself and men. The manager could not pay, and the orchestra was at once cleared, and as the piece was The Daughter of the Regiment, the absence of the band proved rather awkward. But just at the time, the manager, hearing an itinerant band in the street, rushed out and secured their services. They awkward. But just at the time, the manager, hearing an itinerant band in the street, rushed out and secured their services. They were duly installed, with orders to do the best they could. The artists made the best of a bad bargain, till it came to the end of the first act, where the "glorious song of the regiment" must be sung. The cue was given, but the band not being used to theatres looked blank to see all the actors waiting. Then, with one accord, burst into a favourite comic air, but the grimacing and stamping of feet soon told them the song did not fit, so they tried another, till at last the Scalade of the evening, losing all patience, walked down to the footlights, and leaning forward, said aloud, "Not a bit like it, laddie! This is what we want."

Whereupon he coolly proceeded to WHISTLE a FEW BARS of the Whereupon he coolly proceeded to WHISTLE a FEW BARS of the famous Rat-a-plan. Among the many leaders I have seen, one used to amuse me amazingly. He was a quaint little fellow, with a pug-nose, bald eyebrows, and a mild moustache; in fact he looked as if the hair had slipped from tache; his eyebrows, and accidentally falling on his upper lip, had clung there ever since. He was one of the old circuit leaders, and consequently was fond of all the old fashioned pieces. When burlesque became popular, he showed his contempt for it at every turn. With such pieces as *Macbeth* and *Pizarro* he would never rest until the music was entirely to his satisfaction, but the burlesque would be treated with indifference. I have seen him during the dialogue whispering to the nearest members of his band, or turn round and stare at the audience till called to the fact that the cue had been given for a trio or breakdown; then he would deliberately finish his pinch of snuff, put down the box, take off his spectacles, hurriedly put them on again, take up his violin, and with the unconscious air of the most absent-minded of men plunge into the wrong music, which I need scarcely say did not harmonise with the other instruments. But these oddi-ties have passed away, or are only seen in rare instances, They are ties have passed away, or are only seen in rare instances. They are the old gas lamps fading away before the new electric light. Your musical director of to-day does not p'ay himself. He is a different being to the old type; he waits till the discord of tuning is over, and the whole of his staff seated and waiting for him, then he enters in full dress; this is of course the cue for the audience to applaud, upon which he smirks, strokes his waxed moustache, toys for a moment with his sleek hair, takes his elevated seat, raises his gloved hand to which a neat, polished baton is attached with the aid of a delicate cord, the signal is given, and the language of the world is spoken by a Babel of musical tongues. tongues.

THE PENCILLED EAR HOG.

The Red River hog was described for the first time in the year 1848 by Professor H. Schinz, in his book on mammals as "Sus Penicillatus." Two years later a living specimen was brought to Liverpool from the river Comoro, and was bought in September, 1852. by the Zoological Society of London for their Gardens. Mr J. E. Gray described it in the "Annals of Natural History" in 1852, under the name of Choeropotamus Pictus. As he, how-Choeropotamus I ever, soon afterwards found out that Cuvier had already given this to a fossil member of the hog family, he changed the original description to Potamochoerus. The Potamochoerus Pictus and Sus to a lossil member of the nog family, he changed the original duscription to Potamochoerus. The Potamochoerus Pictus and Sus Penicillatus are one and the same animal, which Gray has established without doubt in the "Annals" of the year 1855, and the name "pencilled siver hog" has remained as a generic t tle. The colour of the "pencilled ear hog" varies very much, and Du Chaullu has met with a white-faced one which Dr. Gray has declared to has simply a registry of the species be simply a variety of the species.

THE DEATH OF EURYDICE.

The famous story of Eurydice, the charming wife of the great musician of ancient fable, Orpheus, son of Æger, by the muse Calliope, is too well known to need retelling. Aristeus, the first who hived bees, fell in love with her, and offering violence, pursued her into the fields, where she was stung by a serpent and died. To spraish him the gold dearward the died. To punish him the gods destroyed the source of his pros-perity—the bees. Proteus advised him to appease the manes of their rotting carcases his hives were refilled and his prosperity.

Everybody knows how Orpheus, whose songs moved senseless trees

and stones, and running rivers to follow him, went into the infernal regions to seek his lost Eurydice, where his intense grief, poured forth in music, moved even the god of hell to pity, making the stone of Sisyphus for once stand still, the wheel of Ixion to pause, the furies to cease their torturings, and Tantalus to forget his thirst. How by one fatal backward glance all he had musically won was lost for ever is not less known. Nor can you have forgotten how when the furious Thracian women, to whose amorous passions he would not respond, tore him limb from limb wi h frantic rage during the orgies of Bacchus, and threw his head into the Hebrus; as it was carried away towards the Ægean sea they still heard his voice of music, repeating as long as it was in their hearing—"Eurydice! Eurydice! Eurydice!" Aristotle says Orpheus was the original Mrs. Harris; in other words that there was "never not no such person;" but others say there was such a person, only Orpheus was not his name. We "cannot tell what the truth may be," so "tell the tale as 'twas told" to we.

THE NEW PATENT FOLDING BOATS.

HEARING that the patent new folding boat, invented by Rear-Admiral J. W. D. McDonald, was to be experimentally dealt with on the lower lake of the Crystal Palace, we made our way, through soaking rain, to the spot, where we found Admiral Douglas McDonald, in company with Mr. Bond, representing the firm of Messrs. Forrest, of Limehouse. The folding skiff and the larger boat were afloat. Their construction and capabilities were first explained, and then the gallant admiral, with one hand, began to row the skiff about a bit, its flat bottom allowing its occupier to go how and where he liked, and to turn right round without any progression backwards or forwards. "A anowing its occupier to go now and where he liked, and to turn right round without any progression backwards or forwards. "A very good boat for a duck-hunt," a bystander observed. Orders were then given to man the larger boat, and a crew of four or five got on board, and showed how rapidly, while afloat, the two masts could be taken down, and the vessel itself folded up and used as a raft in a very short space of time, the crew being without any assistance; explanations were given of the difference according to requirement of the fittings of the same parts of the fittings of the same parts of the same parts. ing to requirement of the fittings and arrangement of corks, making the vessel a veritable lifeboat in every respect. The crew the unfolded the vessel and erected the masts as before. The man in unfolded the vessel and erected the masts as before. The man in the small skiff was then told to bring his boat on shore to show the rapidity of folding, and which would have been done in about one minute but for some unasked help on the part of spectators. On examination, the vessel appeared to be remarkably simple in its parts, in fact, "there's nothing in it," being one of those things that when done people say anyone could have thought of it, but they did not. One boat with all the recent improvements has been taken out with the Keith Johnston expedition to Africa. It was said that Mr. H. M. Stanley had given his entire approphation was said that Mr. H. M. Stanley had given his entire approbation of the system of construction if they could be built not much *over* 100lbs, but we understood from Mr.Bond that they could be done under that weight. After the experiment the gallant admi alinvited some of the Crystal Palace officials and the members of the Press present to a luncheon, and during various little matters discussed, he mentioned that he was making arrangements for a permanent exhibition at the Crystal Palace of various life-saving apparatus.

A few lines will explain the construction and working of the new Folding Boats. The motto under which these boats are introduced (*Per mare per terras*) is that of the inventor's family, and as they are intended for conveyance by land, it is an appropriate one. The boats have been shown to the public at Bembridge, Sea View, Ryde, Portsmouth Dockyard, Southsea, Southampton, and Netley, and the late serious disaster on the Tnames induced Admiral McDonald to lose no time in bringing them more prominently before the public, for which purpose this them more prominently before the public, for which purpose this exhibition at the Crystal Palace was inaugurated. They are now removed to Deptford Victualling Yard. The flat boat has been opened about two hundred times, the skiff over three hundred, and there is no signs of damage to either boats, notwithstanding the great wear and tear of conveyance by railway, cartage, and beaching, to which they have been subjected. It is desirable that we should call attention to the fact that these boats, when fitted as life-rafts, are indestructible, as well as suitable for conveyance over land, and for exploration parties. The sun can have no effect on them. They are built of wood, hinged together by means of bands of leather, prepared in oil, being very strong, and the same as those which are used for fire-engine hoses. All the and the same as those which are used for fire-engine hoses. All the parts are as simple as possible, so that any ordinary person can repair them in case of accident. Very little iton-work is used, so as not to require a blacksmith, rope being substituted, whereby the boats are rendered flexible. The skiff shuts up like the letter W at the midship section. She is, when open, 19ft long by 2ft deep, 4ft wide, and folds up into 6in in thickness, the other dimensions being the same; all her gear complete and secure. The flat boat is 25ft long, 2ft deep, 5ft wide. The bottom does not fold, but the s des close on to it. When folded with all her gear, she occupies the same length and breadth, but when the sides and bottoms are shut up, the whole will occupy only 4in in thickness. The gear lashed on top, makes her 8in thick, all complete. This flat can be opened in the water by one man. To render the skiffs and flats unsinkable, battens with cork are attached to the sides, which can be removed at pleasure. The attached to the sides, which can be removed at pleasure. The flat is fitted with cork battens underneath as well as at the sides; there is sufficient cork to float about eighty men, and as it would be quite impossible for that number to hold on to her, it may safely be inferred that she would (as a life-raft unopened) support all the men that could hold on.
When opened, she would be able to contain about twenty men

without interfering with the use of the oars, and perhaps ten men on each side might hold on to the life-lines. It is of course implied that a boat so fitted must only be considered as a lifeand used as such in cases of a sudden emergency. be fitted so as to float away from a sinking vessel, and should the e not be time to open her beforehand, the men saved have it in their power to open her and make her a temporary lifeboat. All the gear is secured by lines and lashing. She is fitted with a diogue or floating anchor to bring her head to sea. In conclu-ion we may remark that the masts need not be left standing after the boat is opened; sails can be fitted if required.

THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.

There are few if any genuine sportsmen resident in London to whom the Queen's Buckhounds are not dear as the best embodiment of the sport of hunting which opportunity affords them. To them, professional men for the most part, the portrait of Frank Goodall which we publish this week, will be a most acceptable souvenir of a rare sportsman and a genial comrade. No one who knows Goodall will fail to pronounce the likeness a good one, and those who are skilled in venerie will take an deserves notice, and we cannot better de-cribe the tie which binds the huntsman to his tavourite hound than in the words of "Plantagenet," the graphic correspondent of the Field:—

"Transagener," the graphic correspondent of the Field:—
"Turning to renew acquaintance with older inhabitants of the kennels, we meet the wistful gaze of Rummager, whose eyes follow every movement of the huntsman. Two years ago, when Goodall had a serious fall in the Knaphill country, this hound was found with paws on his master's breast, fondling and trying to restore him to consciousness. There he stood savagely defying all attempts to r more him on the part of a suggestance who had all attempts to r move him on the part of a surgeon—who had dismounted to give assistance—until a whip brought the couples;

and from that day he has persistently kept close to the huntsman's heels until the pack has crossed a field or two in hot pursuit, when, apparently considering his mission accomplished, he dashes forward to join them. The affection is reciprocated, and, though Rummager has been disfigured by a railway accident, nothing could induce Goodall to draft him."

AUTUMN LEAVES.—THE SKETCHING SEASON.

WHAT glory is to the landscape-painter like the glory of autumn leaves, when the distance gleams with softened beauty through its silvery veil of mist, and the earth basks lovingly in the rich and varied beauties of mingling browns, siennas, golden hues in all their rich variety of orange and yellow, and every gradation of purple, red, and crimson, from the faintest flush to the deepest, from the simplest and purest, to the most broken and indescribable; with, above all, a sky of softened grey and blue, half-languid smiles, half tears. And then the sunsets! Autumn sunsers!—ah, how palettes flash and gleam with purple and gold, scarlet and crimson, and with what rapid, anxious glances and nimble fingers the artist follows the changeful glories of those gorgeous clouds, absorbed in his task and feverishly anxious nimble hingers the artist follows the changeful glories of those gorgeous clouds, absorbed in his task and feverishly anxious lest the flitting, ever-changing forms and colours should escape transcription. All these things are before us at a glance in Mr. Temple's charming and clever little sketch, procured, by the by, from the banks of the Thames, a spot selected by no happy accident, but expressly to place before our readers one of those majestic old willow trees now marked for destruction, whose cause some weeks ago we vainly pleaded against the official Goth who has already wielded the axe so cruelly upon the towing-path between Putney and Kew. between Putney and Kew.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T.—Thanks for the problem, but it needs amendment. Seemingly it can be solved by Kt to Q 6, and then R to K B 5; or by R to Q B 5, and then checking with Kt. As the problem contains a pretty idea, we shall be glad to have it when corrected.

J. J.—We have written a private letter to you. Thanks for the papers. Solutions of PROB EM No. 211, by R. L., J. G., Juvenis and H. F. (Addissombe), are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 207.
HITE. BLACK.
to K 5 R takes Q (a) WHITE BLACK.

1. Q to K 5
2. B to K t 6 (mate).

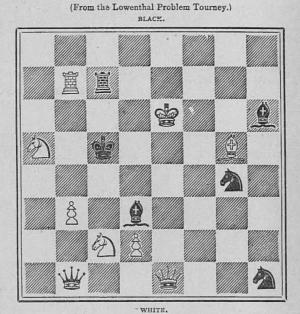
(a) If B takes Q, Rook mates; if Q moves, Q mates at K 2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 208.

WHITE.

1. Q to K R 5 K takes Kt (a)
2. Q to Q R 5
3. Q to K Kt 5 (mate).

(a) If B to Q 4, White takes B (ch), and mates with Q at Q 2. PROBLEM No. 212.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An amusing little game lately played at the Divan between Mr. MacDonnell and another amateur, the former giving the odds of the Q Kt:—

[Muzio Gambit—Remove White's Q Kt.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	
(Mr. MacDonnell)	(Mr. E.)	(Mr. MacDonnell)	(Mr. E.)	
I. P to K4	P to K 4	12. B to B 3	Pto Q4	
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	13. Q to R 5	Q to Q3	
3. Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	74. B takes Kt	Q takes R	
4. B to H 4	P to Kt 5	15. Q takes B	P to K B 3	
5. Castles	P takes Kt	15. B takes Q P (ch		
6. Q takes P	Q to K B 3	1/. R takes B P (b)		
7. P to K 5	Q takes K P	18. K to B sq	Q to B 8 (ch)	
8. P to Q 3	B to R 3	19. K to B 2	Q takes B P (ch)	
9 B to Q 2	Kt to K 2		Q tks Q P(ch)(d)	
10. Q R to K sq	Q to B 4 (ch) (a)	21. K to R 4	Kt to Q 2	
II Rto KB2	Castles			
		considered Black's b	est move here.	
(A) Bto K 2 won	ld have been much	better.		

(c) De pising the threatened raid of the Queen.
(d) This violent but harmless Queen afforded great amusement to the ctators and the combatan's

A SPARKLING and instructive game between Herren Paulsen and Neu-

	mann;—			
	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
į	(Paulsen)	(Neumann)	(Paulsen)	(Neumann)
	I. Pto K4	P to K 4	13. K to R sq	K to K sq
١	2 Kt to KB3	Kt to Q B 3	14. P takes P	QB to KKt 5
ļ	3. B to B 4	B to B 4	15. Q to Q 3	Q to Q Kt 3
ı	4. P to Q Kt 4	B to Kt 3	16. B to B 7 (ch)	K to K 2
ı	5. P to Kt 5	Kt to R 4	17. P to B 3	B takes K P
ı	6. Kt takes P	Q to B 3 (a)	18. Q to Q 5	Kt to B 5
į	7. B takes P (ch)	K to B sq	19. Q takes Kt	Q R to Q sq
l	8. P to Q 4	P to Q 3	20. B to R 3 (ch)	B to Q 3
l	o. B takes Kt	P takes Kt	21. P to K 5 (d)	B takes B
ı	10. B to Q 5	B takes Q P (b)	22. Q takes B	B to B 4
l	It. Castles (c)	B takes K	23. Q takes Kt P	QRtoKBsq
١	12. P to K H 4	B to Q 5 (ch)	24. R to B 6	Resigned.
1	(a) Kt to R 3, or	Q to Kt 4, may als	so be played here	without disadvan-

(b) Inferior to P to B 3; as recommended by Rosenthal.
(c) An admirable stroke; the attack thus obtained more than compensates for the sacrificed Rook.
(d) This game is a good specimen of Paulsen's accurate and vigorous style.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favourite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and sky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and d-structive element to the hair, called Dardruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perlumers.—[ADVT.]



THE SKETCHING SEASON.—A NICE "BIT" FROM THE THAMES BANK.



SEAL HUNTING IN THE NORTH SEA.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

Kent did not open their season very auspiciously, as on the days that the Australians were playing Notts, a team of the M.C.C., and a not over strong one, gave the hop-pickers a rare doing, but then they had not the services of either Absolom, Foord-Kelcey, Peno, or Yardley. M.C.C. ran up 199, but Rylott, who was in rare form, proved too much for the Kentish team, their respective the house of the Medit's analysis speaks for itself. totals being but 39 and 56. Rylott's analysis speaks for itself—62 overs and 3 balls (42 maidens) for 34 runs and 14 wickets.

Lancashire had the avenging of Kent's defeat entrusted to them

Lancashire had the avenging of Kent's defeat entrusted to them at the tail end of the week, and, although they were by no means the best team that could have been sent to Lord's, they yet proved equal to the task of beating M.C.C. on their own ground. Barlow, not out 34, in the first innings, and Mr. D. Q. Steel, 26 and 34, were the chief contributors for Lancashire; but the others could not do much with Alfred Shaw, Mycroft, Hearne, and Morley. M.C C. only wanted 116 to win, but Mr. A. G. Steel played old gooseberry with the batsmen, and they failed to get the required number, the visitors winning by 49 runs. Mr. Steel took twelve wickets for 40 runs.

During the same week a Yorkshire eleven payed their first visit to Cambridge to oppose the University team, being captained by Emmett. The Cantabs had a very easy victory indeed, landing by ten wickets. No fewer than eight bowlers were put on by the county, but they were tolerably well punished, and people began thus early to prognosticate their victory in the annual competition against Oxford. Mr. A. G. Steel was in good form with the leather, and the same may be said of Emmett, who obtained five wickets for 31 runs. For the University Mr. A. Steel made 41,

wickets for 31 runs. For the University Mr. A. Steel made 41, Hon. E. Lyttelton 74, and Mr. D. Q. Steel 38, the remainder of

he team only getting 36.

A brace of matches were played in Scotland this week, one ing England v. Scotland, and the other Yorkshire v. Gentlemen Scotland, but as they were taking place at the same time it is reely necessary forme to state that the wearers of the thistle re not in it in either instance. Thanks to a finely played 107 Ulyett, the Tykes put together 195, but Emmett, Armitage, kwood, and Hill got rid of the Scotsmen for 41 and 83. rsrs. Laidlay and Webster were the bowlers on the other side. other match was a very poor affair as far as cricket went, the lled English eleven, captained by Oscroft, winning with wickets to spare. By-the-bye, I forgot to mention that ett's form with the ball in the other match was wonderfully in the first innings, as he bowled forty-four balls for 3 runs

red Shaw, the well-known Nottingham cricketer, is coming metropolis, I hear, to take possession of a hotel in the

bourhood of Lord's.
neeting of medical students took place the other day at
ng Cross Hospital, when it was decided that a United Hos-Cricket Club should be formed. Mr. R. Arden Davis, ng Cross, is bon, sec.

im requested to state that J. Barnes, of Nottingham, has engaged by the Cob Wall Cricket Club, Blackburn, Lanca-

talk of the Oxford Freshmen's sport is synonymous of reking that the weather was execrable; in fact, I cannot remem-an instance of fine weather attending the whole three days' y. Thursday and Friday in last week were so unpropitious spire. Thursday and Friday in last week were so unpropitious that a postponement had to be made until Saturday. I was not in my usual form when I attempted last week to come the prophet, as Gobert cut up in the most extraordinary manner; but he is rather soft. W. Packford, of St. Alban's Hall, is a really good man; he won the 100 Yards in a canter, and the Quarter, after a terrific finish with Beverley, of Pembroke, and yet I am asked to believe that the times were respectively 10 1-5 sec and 52 1-5 sec. Fellowes, the Exeter Freshman, won the Broad Jump at 20ft. 2in., C. A. W. Gilbert cantered away with the Hurdle Race in 17 3-5 sec., whilst H. W. Macaulay, Oriel (14 yards), and M. D. Malleson, Corpus (100 yards), won the Quarter and One Mile Handicaps, open to the rest of the University. I sancy Packford, Fellowes, and Gilbert will all get University. I fancy Packford, Fellowes, and Gilbert will all get their blue next spring,
Trinity College sports were held on Monday, but not a single

performance is worthy of special comment, and I shall confine my notice to remarking that the Strangers' Two Miles Handicap fell an easy prey to F. R. Benson, of New College (120 yards

start), the time being 9min. 59 4-5sec.

Corpus sports, on Tuesday, were not much of an improvement on the previous day's form. G. P. C. Lawrence was the best of a moderate lot, as he won the Hurdles, tied for the High Jump with A. N. Streatfield, won the Wide Jump, 100 Yards Ruce, and the 150 Yards Handicap, with 4½ yards start. M. R. Portal, of Balliol, from scratch, won the Strangers' 300 Yards Handicap in 33sec., and everyone was pleased, I am sure, to see a top weight get home first.

weight get home first.

At the sister University there has also been plenty of sport.

On Friday and Saturday Jesus held their annual meeting, and of course E. Baddeley came out victor ludorum. He won the Wide Jump at 20ft 6in, the Hurdles in 18 4 5 sec, and Threw the Hammer 100ft 8in, but in the Hundred Yards E. L. Lucas just be thim by about six inches in 10 2-5 sec; H. C. Eden (unattached), with 4 yards' start, won the Strangers' Hurdle

Race
Trinity College held high revel on Monday and Tuesday. L. Bury chiefly distinguished himself, as he won the Weightputting at 34ft 43in, the Hammer-throwing at 104ft 42in, the Wide Jump at 19ft 62in, and the Hundred Yards in 10 3-5 sec; H. R. Cookes 5ft 62in for the High Jump deserves a passing note, and I ought to also state that C. Scott-Chaq cleared 19ft Itin for the Wide Jump, but being penalised a foot did not gain the prize. W. H. Churchill (from scratch) won the Scrangers' Quarter of a Mile Handican in 50, 2,5 sec. according to the offi-Quarter of a Mile Handicap in 50 2 5 sec, according to the official clock and a fog too, whilst H. G. L. Evans landed both the One and Two mile events.

As usual the cross-country packs were very busy on Saturday The Hampstead harriers ran their Five-miles Members Steeple-chase Handicap and W. Green 3min proved the victor; the lackheath Harriers also ran a bandicap, but W. W. Davis, 25 fairly lost the rest of the field, winning by 76sec The ton Beagles, Magdala C.C., and others also had ordinary

> days one hears of nothing else but championships, as they It appears to me that the affairs are simply got up for disement of a select few who have no other object in oney-getting for themselves. I was at the Islington day night, and a more miserable burlesque I never event set for decision was described as a ing Championshio. Several men who were formers were allowed to perambulate around nent to the lunatics who parted with their by people should take upon themselves to hing but moon about the centre of the as they wilfully turned their backs on strotting ever witnessed.

to the general public has been is the six days' Bicycle Tournaeighteen hours. Having to deal

of the affair before it is half completed, I cannot say much more than that Cann, of Sheffield, and Edlin, of Leicester, are doing a good performance, and on Wednesday evening the Sheffielder had covered 613 miles 2½ laps. and Edlin 586 miles 4 laps. During Wednesday evening Terront, the Frenchman, had been taking too freely of something stronger than water, and what the referee could have been doing to allow him to continue on the track, I cannot imagine. In fact, I think the referees are a non-entity. The result was the French rider came a "cropper," and entity. The result was the French river came a clopped, threw both Cann and Edlin down, and it was only by a miracle

Collins's Billiard Tournament at the Aquarium bids fair to be a great success; but again, as with the picycling, I cannot go into detail over an unfinished business. Up to Wednesday evening Joseph Bennett had won all his games, and I shall not be surprised if he has an entirely unbeaten certificate on Saturday evening. Of the others, Collin, and Hunt have won three games, Taylor and Richards two, Wilson and Davies one, whilst Hughes has been beaten every time he has played.

The following clipping from a contemporary may be of interest

to my readers:

to my readers:—

Cook and Stanley in India by W. Cook, who had, except in two instances when he met Mr. Bridges, S. W. Stanley for his opponent:—September 25, at Bombay, v. Stanley, lost; 26th, at Bombay, v. Stanley, lost; 28th, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 30th, at Bombay, v. Stanley, lost. October 1, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 3rd, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 3rd, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 4th, at Bombay, v. Mr. Bridges, won; 3rd, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 4th, at Bombay, v. Mr. Bridges, won; 5th, at Bombay, v. Stanley, lost; 7th, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 9th, at Byculla Club, v. Stanley, lost; 10th, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 11th, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 12th, at Bombay, v. Stanley, won; 17th, at Bangalore, v. Stanley, lost; 18th, at Bangalore Club, v. Stanley, won; 21st, at Madras, v. Stanley, won; 22nd, at Madras, v. Stanley, lost; 24th, at Madras, v. Stanley, were to leave for Hyderabad, Secunderabad, Jubbulpoor, Benares, and Calcutta.

At both the Universities there is plenty going on in the way of aquatics. The Oxford authorities have had out two trial eights this week, and the Cantabs done likewise. As I have not yet seen either of the crews, I cannot fairly give an opinion, but I hope next week to visit both the Isis and Cam, when I shall be

able to give an opinion.

Next Tuesday Spencer and Bullman row over the Thames Championship Course, for £200; I fancy the chance of the

The following paragraph is very pleasing to me, I was once nearly maimed for life by a lunatic on a bicycle:—At Wandsworth Police-court, on Tuesday, Charles Day, student, of Wimbledon, was fined 40s. and 2s. costs, for riding a bicycle on the footpath on Wimbledon Common. Mr. Paget remarked that it was very desirable that the police should keep a careful watch over bicycles, for a number of cases had been brought under his knowledge as a magistrate of the serious danger caused by the

reckless way in which they were driven.

With one exception, the first ties for the Football Association
Cup have been decided, the following being the list of those left in to play the second ties:—Barnes, Cambridge University, Clapham Rovers, Darwen, Eagley (Bolton), Forest School, Grey Friars, Leyton, Minerva, Nottingnam Forest, Old Etonians, Old Harrovians, Oxford University, Pilgrims, Reading, Remnants, Romford, Royal Engineers, Sheffield, South Norwood, Switts, Upton Park, and either Runnymede or Panthers.

EXON.

COVERT-SIDE GOSSIP.

By "GELERT."

LET me premise at once that I do not pretend to be ubiquitous. LET me premise at once that I do not pretend to be ubiquitous. I do not profess even to be a peripatetic hunting-man—I have no desire to place myself in rivalry with such methodical chroniclers of the chase as "H. H.," "Plantagenet," and "Brooksby'—to be frank, my hunting days are past—I carry too much weight to dare the perils of flood and field, which stirred my hot blood in the Consulship of Plancus—I aspire only to be a covert-side gossip. I still love the chase and all connected with it, though I do not, perhaps, see everything surrounding it through the same couleur ve rose as once I did. But to come to the point, I purpose chronicling in this column week by week the lighter gossip of the chase—the topics that are discussed when riding to covert or over the post-prandial cigar. Not ill-natured gossip, I do not mean that, but those little items which are beneath the notice of the great historians of the hunting-field, to whom I have already alluded. I cannot, however, from my own unaided resources, make this column a weekly budget of entertaining gossip, and therefore I appeal to my readers to help me, to supply me from time to time with items of gossip from the countries in which they hunt. If they will do this I think I can promise to give them every week an amusing olla podrida.

And now, having introluced myself and my object to my readers, let us proceed to business. Fox-hunting, I need hardly say, is now in full swing everywhere. The prospects of sport this season are generally good, and I am glad to note that the slaughter among the cubs has not been so great as usual. I have always had the strongest objection to that itvalry which exists among masters and huntsmen as to who shall be able at the end of the season to have the biggest show of noses. Slaughter is not sport even in fox-hunting. However it is too late to discourse of cub-hunting now-its bearing upon fox hunting proper will very However it is too late to discourse of soon be apparent either for good or euil.

I am glad to know that the dispute b-tween the Billesdon and the Quorn has been at any rate temporarily settled, and Sir Bache Cunard will hunt Tailby's country in peace for the present, though what the upshot of the appeal will be I am not prepared to say.

prepared to say.

Sir Bache, by the way, has commenced the season inauspiciously.

First he had a nasty tall and then his stables were burned down, one valuable and favourite hunter, worth a good four hundred or more, being burnt to death, and several others seriously injured. I hope a brilliant season's sport may help to compensate him for these misfortunes.

Mr. Purton's resignation of the Mastership of the Wheatland bodes ill I am afraid for harmonious sport in that country during the season, but a good deal depends upon the tact of the new committee, and that is a quality in which committees, and, indeed, all corporate bodies for the matter of that, are usually

The dinner to the farmers whose land the Royal Buckhounds hunt over, so long postponed, came off at last on the 7th inst., and everyone was good to see that the noble master had recovered from his serious accident. There was a distinguished company present, including H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught, and Prince Christian. Everything passed off pleasantly, and the farmers, I am sure, after the com-pliments paid them by the various speakers, felt more enthusiastically disposed towards the sport than they even were before.

On Wednesday last the farmers in the Slough and Windsor district, were entertained at a banquet in the Town Hall, Windsor. The Eul of Hurdwicke, Master of the Buckhounds, presided, and wore the hunting costume, as did many of the guests. Among the company, exceeding 250 persons, were Lord Colville of Culross, the Mayor of Windsor, Mr. Gardner, M.P., Mr. Saunders, Mr. Laing, and Nevill. The Chairman, after giving the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were duly honoured, proposed the toast of "The Farmers." Since he had held the post of Master of the Buckhounds he had found the best feeling on the part of the farmers who held sway over the ground over which they hunted. The welfare of hunting in this country depended very much on the generosity of the tenant farmers of England. He thought that hunting formed one of the most pleasing features in their everyday life. It was presided, and wore the hunting costume, as did many of one of the most pleasing features in their everyday life. It was one of the things that made England the happy home it was for all classes of the community. This sport did much to maintain all classes of the community. This sport did much to maintain the manly character of Englishmen. Since he had been Master of the Buckhounds, twice in the course of five years the farmers of the district had been invited to a festivity of this nature. One thing had always been a solace to him, that those who hunted the country had invariably received kindness from every farmer who occupied land over which they had hunted. If every Master of the Hounds should prove as fortunate as he had been there might be a strong hope that the sport was not likely to be discontinued. I dwell particularly upon the latter banquet, because next week

there will appear in this journal sketches from the banquet by our special artist, who was present. Moreover, I am pleased to see this disposition among hunting men to recognise the claims which the farmers have upon their kindly feelings. The day which sees this disposition among nunting men to recognise the claims which the farmers have upon their kindly feelings. The day which sees the farmers opposed to hunting (if it ever comes, which may Heaven forfend!) will see the death of the finest of English sports. It must always be remembered that tarmers who support hunting, and I am glad to think that they form the great bulk of the class, have to put up with a good deal of annoyance, inconvenience, and actual loss. Hunting men, therefore, should treat them with the utmost consideration, and not, as some thoughless people do imaging that they have and not, as some thoughtless people do, imagine that they have a chartered privilege to ride as tney please over any land that comes in their way, regardless of gates, crops, and cattle. There have been one or two actions for trespass brought against hunting men lately, which will give them a sharp and not unneeded reminder that farmers can put a spoke in the wheel of sport if they are so disposed, and that the law will not tolerate reckless riding over land.

I have no wish to dwell further upon this not very agreeable I have no wish to dwell further upon this not very agreeable topic, but I cannot forbear alluding to the absurdity of bringing forward as a defence in cases of this kind the old common-law theory, that a fox is a "noxious animal," and that therefore it may be pursued over any man's land, without giving the owner of the land the right to an action for trespass. A "noxious animal" indeed! I should like to hear Tom Fire's or Castera Castleman's on Piels Regist's opinion on that point. George Castleman's, or Dick Roake's opinion on that point. I should like to see any man support that view in presence of some of the hard-riders of the shires. Above all, I should like to see how the man who holds this theory venture to carry it into practice to the extent of shooting the "noxious animal" would be treated at say the Market Harborough Hunt Ball.

The presentations have already begun. The Hon. Ralph Nevill, Master of the West Kent, who, by the way, is, I am glad to hear, recovering from his recent accident, was presented with a splendid service of plate on the 9th instant. The presentation was made in the presence of a large company by Sir William Hart Dyke; and the previous week a purse of £150 was presented to John Hill, the veteran huntsman of Sir Harcourt Johnstone's Hounds.

A well-known American lady, who wiles under the signature

Harcourt Johnstone's Hounds.

A well-known American lady, who writes under the signature of "Olive Logan," is in the Midlands just now, so let hunting people there be on their best behaviour, "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and faith she'll prent them." At present she has conte ted herself with express ng her admiration of all she sees there, but a change may come o'er the spirit of her dream, so beware ladies and gentleman. Here is a specimen of her powers of eulogy, I hope I may not have to give a specimen of her powers of sarcasm:—"How well English ladies handle the ribbons! Here is a lady driving a pair of mettlesome white ponies. bons! Here is a lady driving a pair of mettlesome white ponies, almost as handsome as those perfect beauties Lady Dudley whirls her old Earl behind in Hyde Park. This lady, too, is driving her husband, who sits beside her comfortably with folded arms, content to let the good wife have the waip hand, while he often glancess behind to see if his three little girls are all right. They are strapped into the rumble, and are tossing about, the curls of one on the shoulders of the other, and the hat riobons of No. 2 inextricably confused with the pelisse capes of No. 3. Upon my word, here comes the bisnop's carriage! The bishop is not in it, but the aged and aristocratic face of his wife is framed in the panel of the door, which bears the mitre as its all sufficient crest. Thousands of pounds income has the bishop into the door. crest. Thousands of pounds income has the bishop, just 10 dols. a week has his most talented curate, a charming creature, whom I know well, a gentleman by birth, rearing, and education. On Sundays the curate wears a linen shirt, but always a flannel one on other days. Of all the country roundabout, nobility or gentry, none has finer horses, carriages, or more numerous servants than the bishop. Such are the grades in clerical life in Fouland." the bishop. Such are the grades in clerical life in England.

My budget is, I am aware, a very feeble one this week, but when a man is laid up in bed with a frightful cold in his head, you cannot expect much of him. Be lement, then, gentle reader, and I can certainly promise you better things next time.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN IN DUBLIN.

That the inhabitants of Dublin still delight to honour the most distinguished of their native living tragedians is well proved by the fact that the leading gentlemen of this city are about to call together a national banquet in his honour. No actor has ever been more highly prized by his own countrymen than Barry Sullivan, and we do not wonder at it, because his career has been one of steady brilliancy, and he has made his name famous over the entire of the English-speaking world. Mr. over the entire of the English-speaking world. Mr. Barry Sullivan is now, indeed, the leading representative of the "legitimate" school of acting, and we shall be glad to welcome him back to London when his provincial engagements will permit him to come back to us. The circular convening the banquet in Dublin contains the following well-chosen sentences, which we are glad to endorse:-

"It has been arranged to invite Mr. Barry Sullivan to a complimentary banquet during his present visit to Dublin. The idea, emanating from a few personal friends, has gained such wide acceptance that it has been found impossible to confine the prowithin the limited dimensions originally contemplated. compliance with a generally expressed desire, a wider circle of friends and admirers will have the opportunity of paying a compliment to our great Irish actor.

"Mr. Sullivan has long occupied a pre-eminent position in the very forefront of the world's greatest tragedians. His name and fame are known wherever the English toague is spoken. The renown which he has gained reflects tustre upon his native land. His distinction belongs to treland, and trishmen should be proud to do him honour,"

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

During Mr. Mapleson's absence in America there has been no lack of managerial enterprise visible at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the acting director, Mr. Armit, may be congratulated on having achieved successful results from the beginning of the season until the present time. It must be remembered that, although the current season at Her Majesty's Theatre is ostensibly made up of "cheap" performances, the musical public appear to expect that every opera shall be produced with the same excellence as in the fashionable high-priced season. The difficulties thus created for the manager have been successfully surmounted, in almost all important respects. The new choristers are becoming familiar with their work, the band consists surmounted, in almost all important respects. The new choristers are becoming familiar with their work, the band consists almost entirely of excellent players, who during the regular season put on white cravats, but play no better nor more zealously then than now; the mise en scène is of the same quality as in the summer; the conductor, Signor Ll Calsi, is at least as well qualified as Signor Sir Michael Costa; and so far as the principal vocalists are concerned, a company which includes such artists as Mdmes. Marimon, Trebelli, Valleria, Bauermeister, and Pappenheim—to say nothing of the more or less satisfactory tenors and basses belonging to the troupe, can hardly fail to give satisfaction to amateurs. As a matter of fact, the public have crowded Her Majesty's Theatre almost every night during the current season, and the management will probably make, before the end of the year, a sufficiently large profit to defray the usual pecuniary loss to be incurred in the next summer season. If the existing arrangements as to prices of seats, hours of commencement, dress regulations, &c., were to be continued through-

out the "regular" season from April to July, the management would probably realise a splendid profit on the entire year. The management will probably disdain such considerations, and the management must take the consequences. Last winter, we strongly advocated the preservation of the cheap tariff and regulations throughout the year, and we were authorised by Mr. Mapleson himself to say that he intended to adopt that plan. He was subsequently induced to revert to the old system of 25s. stalls. So, and it is no secret that the results were disastrons, and stalls, &c. and it is no secret that the results were disastrous, and would indeed have been utterly ruinous, but for the lucky hit made with the opera of *Carmen*. We shall in future refrain from offering advice to managers who are unmoved by bitter experiences, but we shall not hesitate to protest against the injustice done to the great musical public by obstinate adherence to regulations which are prohibitive to thousands of amateurs, and the retention of which is actually unprofitable to managers.

One of the most noteworthy among recent occurrences at Her Majesty's Opera was the debût of Mdlle. Emilie Ambre. This young lady is a native of Oran in Algiers, and her present history young lady is a native of Oran in Algiers, and her present history is interesting. We reserve biographical details for a future number, in which we shall have the pleasure of publishing her portrait, and for the present confine our remarks to the quality of her performance on Saturday last, when she made her first appearance in England, after an operatic career of three years at the Hague, and a successful debût a few months back at the Salle Ventadour, Paris. Mdlle. Ambre chose for her English debût the rôle of Violetta in La Traviata. This opera—certainly one of the most disgusting works ever placed on the stage, and much more openly offensive, in its representation of the life of a courtesan, than many dramatic works which the Lord Chamberlain has recently refused to licence—is popular with operatic débutantes because of its wealth and variety of melody, and its opportunities for the display of

various emotions, "from grave to gay—from lively to severe." The débûtante turned these opportunities to advantage, and succeeded in gaining the favour of her audience. She is endowed with a bright and powerful voice, with good upward extension, but comparatively weak in the lower registers. Her shake is good, and she executes florid music with considerable facility and with correct intonation. She has not yet acquired complete mastery of the highest graces of the vocal art, and her execution of the turn and of groups of semi-quavers, &c., leaves room for improvement; but the natural flexibility of her voice is so obvious, and also her possession of keen musical and dramatic obvious, and also her possession of keen musical and dramatic instincts, that her future career can hardly fail to be conspicuously successful, and she is—both as regards ability and promise—far superior to most of the débûtantes who visit us every season. In activity, as in singing, she has still to acquire the ease and polish derivable from persevering study and practice, but she already knows how to attract the sympathies of her audience by throwing herself heart and soul into the character she impersonates; and in the sickly death scene of the third act she exhibited great command of pathos. It remains to be seen whether in a second character she will strengthen the good impression she awakened at her débût as Violetta, but her good impression she awakened at her débût as Violetta, but her success in the character was so genuine that her future impersonations may be awaited with favourable anticipations. Signor Runcio (Alfredo Germont), Signor Mendioroz (the elder Germont) and Mdlle. Purdy (Annina) were efficient, and the opera was, on the whole, well performed.

This afternoon Faust will be produced, and this evening Carmen, which continues to attract crowded audiences.

Saturday Evening Concerts will be a prominent source of musical enjoyment at St. James's Hall during the ensuing winter. The first concert of the series was given on Saturday last, and



THE CHESS-PLAYERS .- (From the Painting by Meissonnier).

attracted a brilliant and numerous audience. The programme chiefly consisted of "popular" music, interpreted by popular artists, amongst whom may be named Mdmes. Sherrington, Nouver, Osgood, Butterworth, Meason, and Patey; MM. Vernon Rigby. Maybrick, Walter Clifford, Abercrombie (vice Mr. Edward Lloyd, indisposed), Tito Mattei (vice Madame Arabella Goddard), Ganz, Coward, Higgs, and Howard Reynolds. The efforts of these able and popular artists were rewarded with hearty and well-deserved applause, and the success of the concept hearty and well-deserved applause, and the success of the concert augured well for the prosperity of those which are arranged to follow during the months of November, December, January, and

February.
At the Monday Popular Concert, given in St. James's Hall on Monday last, Herr von Bulow made his rentrée, and was welcomed with hearty applause. Whether this was highly esteemed by the recipient may well be doubted by those who remember the insulting manner in which he spoke of English musicians and amateurs when he was seeking to ingratiate himself with the Americans. The despicable meanness of his motives was quite apparent even to our American cousins, who saw that in his unmanly and unfounded sneers against Madame Arabella Goddard (at this time his rival in America), Madame Schumann, and Madame Essipoff, as "petticoat pianists," incapable of playing so well as himself, he was striving to disparage others and to enrich himself by dirty means. He is an able pianist, but he may think himself lucky to have escaped an unpleasant but he may think himself lucky to have escaped an unpleasant reception on Monday last. The other instrumentalists were Madame Norman Néruda, MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, artists who are entitled to esteem as well as admiration. They acquitted themselves well, and so also did Mrs. Davison, who, although she is not a vocalist of high rank, is superior to most of the vocalists to whom the subscribers to these concerts are compelled

to listen.

The Wadmore Memorial Fund—organised for the purpose of

making a provision or the widow and child of Mr. J. L. Wadmore, a rising vocalist, cut off in the outset of what promised to be a successful career—has received support from many members of the musical profession, and also from amateurs in all classes of society. Intending donors will do well to forward their subscriptions (which what he leave that the leave that the proposition).

to the honorary secretaries of the Wadmore Memorial Fund, Mr. Stanley Lucas and Mr. Henry Guy, at 84, New Bond-street, W. The Cambridge University Musical Society will give a full choral and orchestral concert on Wednesday next, when Handel's Semele will be revived for the first time in England since Handel's death. The control to mysica will be sung by Mrs. Pater, the death. The contralto music will be sung by Mrs. Patey, the soprano music by Miss De Harpe. The band will consist of instrumentalists selected from the Crystal Palace, Philharmonic, and Italian Opera bands, and the chorus will be that of the

The North Kensington Musical Evenings for Gentlemen will be resumed this evening at Ladbroke Hall, and will be continued December 14, January 11 and 25, February 8 and 22, March 8 and 22; the last date being a "ladies' night," when the usual privilege of smoking will be relinquished by the subscribers. Whether the ladies of North Kensington ought to be contented with their admission to one out of eight concerts we leave them to decide. The programme of the opening concert is attractive, and includes clarionet playing by that able player, Mr. G. A. Clinton, and part singing by the London Vocal Union, conducted by Mr. F. Walker.

"How can a Sound Knowledge of Music be best and most generally Disseminated?" Under this title the paper read last month by Mr. John Hullah at the Social Science Congress has been reprinted by Messrs. Longman & Co., and may be obtained at the cost of sixpence. It is well worth perusal, and the eminent services rendered by its author to the cause of musical culture will invest his clearly-stated arguments with importance in the eyes of all who take an interest in musical progress. Mr. Hullah, we may briefly state, contends for the musical instruction of infant

pupils, and points out the advantages accruing from such a system with his usual polish of style and felicity of illustration.

Madame Rose Hersee will quit England, January 27th, 1879, to tulfil her engagement as prima donna assoluta in Italian and English opera at Melbourne, under the direction of Mr. W. S. Lyster, managing director of the Melbourne Opera House Company. She is engaged for twelve months at the same terms are pany. She is engaged for twelve months at the same terms as she received on her last engagement at New York, viz., f. 100 per week, but her salary will not commence until the tenth day after her arrival at Melbourne. The Chimborazo, by which she will travel, is one of the finest steamers of the Orient line, and the passage is not likely to occupy more than forty days. The popular prima donna will be accompanied by her husband, Mr. Arthur Howell, late stage manager of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Mr. Howell is engaged by Mr. W. S. Lyster as stage manager and as orchestral conductor in case of need.

Mr. Howard Paul gave his popular entertainment on Saturd. evening last to a crowded audience at the Town Hall, Kilby Next week he visits several Suffolk and Essex towns.

Miss Lillie Albrecht, the clever pianiste, has just pu-valse élégante for the piano, called *Le Reveil du Rossi* melody is extremely pretty, and the treatment music dedicated to the Right Hon, the Countess of Charle

We have to announce the death of Madamknown as the once popular and favourite Polly Theatres Royal Covent Garden, Drury Lane, P Olympic, and Strand. Madame Zerman dir residence at Putney, and was buried at Pr

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

MONDAY evening was a great occasion at the Gaiety. Messrs. Spiers and Pond having taken the inside out of the restaurant department and reconstructed the general arrangements of the now mammoth refreshment house, opened it on that evening to the usual frequenters of bars and dining-houses. Some time ago Mr. Hollingshead found it necessary to issue a placard containing some little ill-temper and a good deal of refined irony, explaining that the privilege of allowing visitors to the Gaiety Theatre to enter the supper-rooms and refreshment-bar had been cut off by the powers that be, and that the said visitors would have to pass out of the theatre into a "probably muddy street" in order to gain admission to the restaurant. This has all been overcome by



a very simple move; and entrance to the buffet of Messrs. a very simple move; and entrance to the buffet of Messrs. Spiers and Pond can actually be had without leaving the theatre: swinging doors invite the thirsty playager at the bottom of the staircase. Bless you, the simple little things engaged the Lord Chamberlain's own architect and, as Dr. Lynn would say, "that is how it is done." On the same evening a new programme, consisting of some old work, was offered within the Gaiety Theatre—Paul Pry, with Mr. Terry as Paul, followed by a burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron, entitled Young Fra Diavolo, with Miss Farren as "the Terror of Terracina." This burlesque said as plainly as it could, "I am a fine old crusted piece of work, and have been uncorked after ever so many years in cellar, to be mixed with some new flavouring matter. many years in cellar, to be mixed with some new flavouring matter, decanted, and offered to you as a new and original article."



Notwithstanding this, the burlesque is far and away better than the more recent stuff we are accustomed to. The first thing that catches the eye of the visitor on coming to the Gaiety is undoubtedly the electric light, which plays from 8 till II o'clock. The vestibule of the theatre is supplied with a huge brimming

glass full of most brilliant white light-indeed, rather too brilliant white light—so brilliant that the one or two isolated cases of female vanity who use face powder and rouge will require to be more careful, or find some new mode of "laying it ou." At present the light at the entrance to the boxes and stalls of the Gaiety turns a into a peculiar green tint about the face-fluffed with a little flour. Another advantage of the light is one that showed itself in another electric light that I remember seeing in the lobby of the House of Commons. If you are under its influence for any length of time—say conversing with a friend—his face gradually assumes a dusky hue, and finally becomes entirely obliterated, at the same time his black clothes turn white in your affected vision, while the white portions of his costume follow the example of the face (vide sketch). The theatre on Monday was thoroughly packed in every part, and any who arrived early enough to see Paul Pry seemed vastly entertained. But Paul Pry wants putting bye for a long time, I fancy. Mr. Terry is as good as the best of comedians in his impersonation, and of course wears the Liston costume, without which no Paul Pry would be complete. Mr. Maclean, as Colonel Hardy (looking like an wears the Liston costume, without which no Paul Pry would be complete. Mr. Maclean, as Colonel Hardy (looking like an admixture of Dan O'Connell and Lord Brougham) played the part of the blustering fire-eater as he plays everything he undertakes—thoroughly well. Miss Kate Lawler was lively and correctly dressed as Phoebe. Talking of correctness in dressing, why should the young men of the piece be allowed to walk about in costumes varying some thirty years from the more important characters? And, above all, why should the young person who plays Simon the butler he allowed to wear the young person who plays Simon the butler be allowed to wear



ginger whiskers and moustache? But the burlesque is the fresh attraction, and notwithstanding the fact that it was a good deal overdone towards the end and drawn out to the last thread of enoverdone towards the end and drawn out to the last thread of effective durance, it met with a good reception from the audience. The honours were divided amongst the four principal performers about thus, Miss Kate Vaughan, prettiness; Miss Farren, sprightliness; Terry and Royce, downright hammer-and-tongs fun. The two latter have all the work of the piece upon their shoulders, and as Beppo and Giacomo, the two blackguards of Terracina, are invessely droll. Mr. Royce, with a make-up that reminds one of mensely droll. Mr. Royce, with a make-up that reminds one of Mr. Tenniel's view of an Irish patriot, performs a drunken dance, that as a piece of studied dexterity and genuine acting, I fancy stands unequalled. It was somewhat wasted, however, being a little too repulsive; the joy of the audience was unbounded during the cupboard scene between these two scoundrels. Miss Farren as young Fra Diavolo dressed and acted charmingly; ditto Miss Kate Vaughan. Miss Farren sang with great chic a song written by Mr. Harry Nicholls, of the Grecian, and which he produced in



last season's pantomime. The puns and "goaks" are much more numerous than is now the fashion in burlesque writing.

Amongst the notabilities in front was Mr. Whistler, with his snow-white Disraelian curl, of which he is so justly proud, nestling amongst his raven ringlets. He was, of course, attended by heauty, who looked unutterable affection and admiration upon him, the living Ecstasy in Azure Silk hating the Rhapsody in Rose Satin with about as much cordiality as the Rhapsody in Rose Satin hated the Ecstasy in Azure Silk, just because they had to share dear, delightful, clever Mr. Whistler between them! There was a strong counter-attraction to Mr. Whistler in the audience, however; none other than Mrs. Langtry. Ah, reader, you should have seen the Many-Headed One craning its necks at

that unfortunate lady. Whatever pleasure Mrs. Langtry may have originally felt during the first blush of her notoriety, she must be now heartily sick of the groups of snobs and noodles and cads that hang about her path and glare at her as if she were a Blue Boneless Horse, or a Siamese Twin, or a One-legged Hippopotamus. I noticed one enthusiast make a wild dive for the programme Mrs. Langtry had left behind her, collar it, and go off in triumph. However, I suppose as there is no charge for the



bill of the play at the Gaiety, this could scarcely he looked upon

when the day arrives that the Many-Headed One can quietly enjoy itself without being rude to notability or beauty I expect the very core of English manners and customs would be shattered, and nothing left to grumble at. The Gaiety Theatre inside has felt the renovating influence at work all round it, Mr. Hollingshead has redraped his house in a most comforting manner, and altogether the place is as pleasant as any I know of to spend an



evening. I hear that Mr. Hollingshead has prevailed upon the Comédie Français to visit his theatre during the ensuing season, at an enormous cost. These worthy French artists, who are so devoted to art and about whom so much gush is written in deprecation of the English actors and managers, are after all about as sharp business people as a horde of Scotch lawyers or American

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

SHREWSBURY NOVEMBER MEETING.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

The Longmer Steeplechase (handicap.—Sit T. Hesketh's b h Concha, by Asteroid—Arenella, 5 jrs. rost (car icst ilb) (Mr. G. S. Lowe), 1; Mr. W. Wilson's b m Gipsy, aged, 10st 13lb (Mr. E. Wilson), 2; Mr. J. Beasley's b h Little Hoy Blue, 6 yrs, 1st 6lb (Mr. J. Reasley), 3. 4 ran.

A Selling Hurdle Race.—Mr. W. Wilson's b c Stepney, by Hesper—Sala, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb) (Mr. E. P. Wilson's b c Stepney, by Hesper—Sala, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb) (Mr. E. P. Wilson's b c Stepney, by Hesper—Sala, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb) (Mr. E. P. Wilson's c Stepney, by Hesper—Sala, 4 yrs, 1st 3lb) (Mr. E. P. Wilson's b f Evening Star, 3 yrs, 10st 3lb (J. Jarvis), 3. 4 ran.

The COUNTY MEMBERS HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Owen's br c Mangostan, by Julius—Mangosteen, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (Lemaire), 1; Mr. Humphrey's ch g Dunkenny, 4 yrs, 9st (F. Archer), 2. 2 ran.

The WHITHALL NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. D. Cooper's f Star and Garter, by Knight of the Garter—Docfoot (h b) 8st 7lb (car 8st 8lb) (F. Archer), 1; Mr. Crawfurd's b f by Hermit—Rub-a-dub, 7st 12lb (Gallon), 2; Mr T. Cannon's b c Caine, 8'st 2lb (J Watts), 3. 4 ran.

The CASTLE STAKES.—Mr. C. J. Curningham's br g Templar by Adventurer—Lady Palmerston, aged, 9st 7lb (J. Goater), 1; Mr. Thorold's b f Arrowroot, 3 yrs, 8st 10b (J. Snowden), 2; Lord Roseberry's b g Oxonian, aged 9st 1lb (Constable), 3. 7 ran

The SHREWSBURY CUP (bandicap)—Mr. T. T. Drake's bl c Sunshade, by Sundeelah—Worthless, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb (car 6st 10lb) (Lemaire), 1; Mr. Crawfurd's b f by Brother to Strafford—Maleshift, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (Gallon), 2; Mr. Bowes's b c Jagellon, 4 yrs, 8st 11b (T. Chaloner), 3. 7 ran.

The HAWKSTONE WEITER CUP (bandicap)—Mr. W. Burton's, b N'citorious, by Scottish Chief—Lady Jane, 6 jrs, 10st 11b (inc 5lb extra) (Glover), 1; Luke of Westminster's b f Helena, 4 yrs, 10st 12b (inc 5lb extra) (Constable), 2; Mr. F. Gretton's b c Singleton, 3 yrs, 10st (inc 5lb extra) (Constable), 2; Mr. F. Gretton's b c Singleton, 3 yrs, 10st (inc 5lb extra) (Constable), 4; Mr. F. Grett

WARWICK MEETING.

Monday, November 18.

The Tally-ho Herdle Race.—Captain Piggott's Roundhead, by Kettledrum—Susannab, 6 yrs, 11st 21b (Lord M. Beresford) 1. 10 ran.
The Hunt Cup Steptle-Chase.—Sir W. Throckmorton's Manna (late Crumb of Comfort), by Brown Bread—Tartlet, 4 yrs, 12st (J. Adams), 1.

q ran.
The Selling Welter Plate.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Acrobat, by Kinsman—
Lulu. 5 yrs, 9st rib (Glover), r: Mr. W. Smith's Red Cross Knight, 5 yrs,
9st rib (F. Archer), 2; Mr. J. Robinson's Bourbon, 3 yrs, 8st rib (Loates),

Lulu. 5 yrs, 9st 1lb (Glover). x: Mr. W. Smith's Red Cross Knight, 5 yrs, 9st 1lb (F. Archer), 2; Mr. J. Robinson's Bourbon, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (Loates), 3. 5 fan.

The SPA NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Bush's Beddington (late Dunkeld), by Blair Athol—Better Half, 8st (C. Wood). 1; Mr. T. Cannon's Telephone, 7st 3lb (car 7st 4lb) (J. Watts), 2; Captain D. Lane's Flyaway Dick, 6st 9lb (Gallon), 3 7 fan.

The S'LLING Two-YR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. W. Brown's Citoyenne, by Joskin—Opaline, 8st 6lb (Wainwright). 1; Mr. Samuda's The Cellarer, 9st (F. Archer), 2; Mr. E. Weever's Shaft, 8st 1lb (Glover), 2, 8 fan.

The GUY MID-WEIGHT HANDICAP.—Mr. W. H. Manser's Suffolk Lad, by Suffolk—Cheesecake, by Sweetmeat, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb (J. Manser), 1; Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Fair Lyonese, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (Morgan), 2; Mr. T. Cannon's Lighthouse, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (J. Watts), 3. 4 ran.

WEEDESDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

MATCH.—Mr. Hayhurst's Drogheda Lad, by Rogerthorpe, dam by British Lion aged, 11st 7lb (Owner), 1; Mr. Butter's Mountain Deer, 5 yrs, 11st (Foster). 0.

The STUDLBY CASTLE NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Cannon's br c Sideval, by Siderolite—May Queen, 7st 1lb (C. Willis), 1; Mr. T. Steven's b c Ambai sador, 7st 2lb (A. Hall), 2; Mr. Crawfurd's b f by Toxopholite—Het y. 7st 6lb (Gallon), 3. 3 ran.

The INNEFFERS' SELLING WELTER PLATE.—Mr. W. Smith's b h Brigg Boy, by Rroomielaw—Vigorous, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb (F. Archer), 1; Mr. C. Archer's b f Flame, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb (J. Jarvis), 2; Mr. Toon's br f Mistral, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb (C. Wood), 3. 7 ran.

Great Warwickshire Hunters' Flat Race.—Sir W. Throckmorton's br gby Lj mington—Thais, by King of Trumps, 4 yrs 11st 2lb (Mr. H. Owen), 1; Mr. Wadlow's br h Professor, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb (Mr. Letheran), 3. 10 ran.

The Great Autumn Welter Cup (hanoicap).—Mr. Crawfurd's ch c Avontes, by Distin—Avondale, 4 yrs, 1st 21 lb (inc 6lb extra) (T. Cannon), 2; Mr. Cholmeley's b c Lionel, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (inc 6lb extra) (T. Cannon), 2; Mr. Cholmeley's b c Lionel, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (inc 6lb extra) (T. Cannon), 2; Mr. Cholmeley's b c Lione

(T. Cannon), 2; Mr. Cholmeley's b c Lionel, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (inc 6lb extra) (Glover), 3. 4 ran.

(Glover), 3. 4 ran.

The Juvenile Plate.—Mr. Howard's ch f Ro Qeep, by Citadel—Susennah, by The Cossack, 7st 11lb (A. Hall', 1; Mr [G. Frimmer's b f by Wioslam—Industry, 7st 11lb (car 8st) (I. Jarvis), 2; Mr. W. Brown's b c Caius, 8st (Wainwright), 3. 6 ran.

A Selling Hurdle Race.—Mr. H. Owen's b g Distingue, by Distin—Lady Hampton, 4 yrs, 1st (J. Adams), 1. 8 ran.

The Lemmington Grand Annual Steeple-Chase.—Mr. Denny's b c Victor H., by Victor—Maid of Honour, 4 yrs, 1ost 11lb (Mr. Beasley), 1; Capt. A Paget's br h Chilblain, aged, 1ost 13lb (J. Jones), 2; Sir J. L. Kaye's ch gCitizen, aged, 1rst 12lb & l'Anson), 3. 6 ran.

The Castle Hurdle Handicae.—Mr. C. Blanton's b f Duchess of Cambridge, by The Ranger—Lady Sophie; 4 yrs, 11st 9lb (R. Marsh), w.o.

MANCHESTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

THE NOVEMBER WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. R. Marshall's br h Tiber, by Mariner—British Queen, 5 vrs. 9st (Osborne), 1; Mr. R. C. Vyner's b g Bargee, 5 yrs, 9st tolb (Griffiths), 2; Mr. A. B. Sadler's b c Humphrey Chilant, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb (H. Jeffery), 3, 5 ran.

The Rous Selling Stakes. - Mr. H. Tuckwell's b h Elsham Last, by Hroomielaw—Elsham Lass, 6 yrs, 9st 3lb (R. Wyatt), 1; Mr. Jones's b g Caballo de Oros, 5 yrs, 9st (Bluckshaw), 2; Mr. J. Robinson's ch c Bourbon, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb (Newhouse), 3, 7 ran.

A NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Martin's g f Strathcarron, by Strathconan—Vimiera. 6st 8lb (Hell), 1; Mr. Bailey's b f Miss Macaroni 6st 5lb (Hinds), 2; Mr. M. Brown's b c Jim Walker, 6st 11lb (W. Sandiford), 3, 7 ran.

CONDAM—VIMIERA, OST SIG (1981), 1; Mr. Halley's D.I. MISS MAGATON OST SID (Hinds), 2; Mr. M. Brown's b. C. Jim Walker, 6st 11b (W. Sandiford), 3. 7 rpn.

The LANCASTER NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Brown's ch. f. Ariel, by Macgregor—Ambuscade, 7st 2lb (W. Sandiford), 1; Mr. T. Green's hr f Savoir Faire, 7st 12lb (Morgan), 2; Mr. H. F. Beaumont's br f Little Bird, 7st 3lb (W. M'Donald), 3. 5 ran.

The C UNLY HANDICAP STEEPLE-CHASE.—Mr. E. Gillman's b f Vivandiere, by Victor—Double Event, 4yrs, 10st (Mr. J. Beasley), 1; Mr. C. Howard's Quibble, aged, 10st 12lb (Mr. W. B. Morris), 2; Mr. Taylor's b g Juggler, aged, 12st , 1b (Mr. G. Moore), 3. 4 ran.

MILE SELLING STARES.—Mr. W. Reewes's b h Laurier, by Consul—Leone, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb (R. Wyatt), 1; Mr. Shier's b c Nutboy, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb (Eagan), 2; Lord Lascelles's br c Paul Pry, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (car 7st 8lb) (Carlyle), 3. 11 ran.

The Fryng Welter Handicap Plate.—Mr. D. Cooper's b f Tribute, by King Tom—Duty, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb (F. Webb), 1; Mr. J. R. Peyton's br c Zanoni, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb (R. Wyatt), 2; Mr. H. Hall's ch c Astronomer, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (Howey), 3. 10 ran.

Weddensday, November 20.

The Open Hunters' Flat Race Plate.—Mr. T. T. Drake's br c Quits, bv Festitution—Worthless, 4 yrs, 12st 10lb (Mr. R., Walker), 2; Mr. A. Dunhill's br g Yorkshireman, 5 yrs, 1.st 5lb (Mr. R., Walker), 2; Mr. G. D. Baird-Hay's ch c Montauban, 4 yrs, 12st 5lb (G. Walker), 3. 5 ran.

The Stamford Nursery Handicap.—Mr. W. Brown's ch f Ariel, by Macgregor—Ambuscade, 7st 12lb (inc 5'b extra) (car 7st 13lb) (Howe), 1; Mr. Cookson's b f Lace Shawl, 8st (Fagan), 2; Major Stapylton's br f Salamis, 8st 10lb (A. M'Donald), 3. 7 ran.

The Oldian Hurdle Handicap.—Mr. T. B. Cookson's b g Agglethorpe, 50 chaled al—Fair Agrees, aged, 11st 4lb (Harding), 1; Mr. J. Brodie's

(Snowden), 2; Lord Lascalless or c Paul Pry, 8st 121b (J. Osborne), 3.
77an.

The Oldham Hurdie Handicap.—Mr. T. B. Cookson's b g Agglethorpe, by Cathedral—Fair Agnes. aged, 11st 4lb (Harding), 1; Mr. J. Brodie's b g Militant, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb (Mr. G. S. Lowe), 2; Mr. T. Green's b f Passport, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (Kirby). 3. 7 ran.

The Lancashire Cup. -Lord Zetland's b c Flotsam, by Speculum—Flotilla, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (1 emaire), 1; Lord Hartington's b f Belphobe, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (H. Jeffery) 2; Lord Wilton's br h Cradle, 5 yrs, 7st (W. M'Donald), 3. to ran.

The Irwell Stakes.—Mr. E Hobson's br c Con Cregan, by Pero Gomez—Miss Hariotte, 3 yrs, 9st (Newhouse), 1; Mr. Hodgson's br f Queen Charlotte, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (Snowden), 2; Mr. Stevenson's ch c Crookston, 3 yrs, 9st (J. Osborne), 3. 5 ran.

The William Habildap Platrie.—Mr. A. Johnson's br m Woodlark, by Orest—Woodnote, 5 yrs, 8st 3lb (Morbey), 1; Lord Hartington's br f Merry Thought, 4 yrs, 7 t 7lb (Hopkins), 2; Mr. R. C. Crompton's br f Blue Bonnet, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (J. M'Donald), 3. 11 ran.

Thursday, November 21.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

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The Filesmere Welter Handicap—Mr. R. C. Vyner's Bargee, by Moulsey, dam by Underhand—Slayer's Daughter, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb (Griffiths), r; Mr. R. Marshall's tiber, 5 yrs, 9st 5lb (inc 5lb ex) (F. Webb), z; Mr. Brodie's Militant, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb (Snowden), 3. 7 ran.

Selling Fiaker.—Mr. Coope's Star and Garter, by Knight of the Garter—Doefoot (hb), 8st 9lb (W. Macdonald), r; Mr. Scott's Laurel Crown, 8st 9lb (Morbey), 2; Mr. Blanton's Heliotrope, 8st 9lb (Lemaire), 3. 4 ran.

ran.
FGL NGTON NURSERY HAND CAP. -Mr. Hobson's Lutestring, by Brown
Bread-Luie, 7st 7ib (NewLouse), 1; Mr. Goldsborough's Glenara, 7st

111b (Fagan), 2; Mr Hali's f by Favonius-Edith of Lorne, 6st 111b (W.

IIIb (Fagan), 2; Mr. Hali's f by Favonius—Edith of Lorne, 6st IIb (W. Sandiford), 3. 6 ran.

The Salford Welter Handicap.—Mr. Bragg's Blue Belle, by True Blue—Starlight Bess, 5 yrs. vist (inc. 5lb ex) (J. Osborne), Omega, 5 yrs, 9st IIb (inc. 5lb ex) (I a Iisle), 2; Mr. Bradiord's Zucchero, 4 yrs, 9st IIb (inc. 5lb ex) (Morgan) 3. 8 ran.

The Ruckley Selling Aurskry Handicap Plate.—Mr. Cooper's Ripple, by Favonius—Lady Anne, 7st 2ib (lell), I: Mr. Wilton's f by Parmissin—Dora, 6st 4lb (car 6st 9lb (Lemairs), 2; Mr. B. Cookson's Boudoir, 7st 2lb's(Collins). 3. 6 ran.

The Selling Weiter Handicap Plate.—Mr. Archdale's La Fiancee, by Donnybrook—Ambiguity, 3 yrs, 8st Izlb (Lemaire), I; Queen Charlotte, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (car 7st 8lb) (Fagan), 2; Con Cregan, 3 yrs, 8st (Newhouse), 3. 7 ran.

7 ran. he COPPLAND NURSERY PLATE.—Mr. E. Hobson's Lutestring, 8st 6lb (in 10lb ex) (Newhouse). r; Little Bird, 7st 3lb (Lemaire), 2; Torchlight 7st 3lb (Collins), 3. 8 ran.

WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON HUNT MEETING.

WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON HUNT MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

A MAIDEN HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. Pennant's bg Distingué by Distin—Lady Hampton 4 yrs, 11st (J. Adams), 1; Mr. W. D. Manning's bf Dorothy, 4 yrs, 11st (For) 2. 2 ran.

WARWICK HANDICAP STEBPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. J. Jessop's b g Boyne Water. by Solon—Lyra, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb (R. Marsh), 1; Mr. Measley's bg Little Boy Blue, 6 yrs, 11st 10 (Owner), 2; Mr. Newman's Elliott, 5 yrs, 11st 13lb (R. l'Anson), 3. 5 ran.

The Grendon Nursery Handicap Plate.—Capt. D. Lane's bf Winslow's Soothing Syrup, by Winslow—Plum, 7st. 5lb (Hopkins), 1; Mr. T. Cannon's bf Telephone, 7st 8lb (inc 12lb extra) (J. Watts), 2; Mr. C. Busb's ch f Little Duck, 7st 6lb (Lemaire), 3. 8 1 an.

HUNTERS' OPTIONAL SELLING PLATE.—Mr. J. Craig's br g Huntingfield, by Moulsey—Roe, aged, 11st 10lb (Mr. H. Marsh), 1; Mr. R. Herbert's bg Rocket, aged, 11st 10lb (Mr. H. Owen), 2; Mr. E. Dalglish's ch Innishowen, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb (Mr. Spence), 3. 11 ran.

The Selling Nursery Handicap Plate.—Mr. Samuda's b cThe Cellarer, by Caterer—Little Jemima, 8st 4lb (F. Archer), 1; Mr. H. Owen's chf Princess Catherine, 7st 6lb (Watts), 2; Lord Calthorpe's b c Hart Royal, 7st 6lb (Lemaire), 3. 14 ran.

Midland Counties Handicap.—Mr. A. Bayley's bf Mistress of the Robes, by Queen's Messenger—Duchess of Sutherland, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb (Greaves), 1; Lord Bradfords ch c Zucchero, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb (F. Archer), 2; Mr. C. Bush's ch C Bancks, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (Lemaire), 3. 7 ran

The Avon Plate.—Mr. W. Brown's bf Citoyenne, by Joskin—Opaline, 2 yrs, 7st 11b (50) (E-Archer), 2; Mr. W. Smith's b h Brigg Boy, 5 yrs, 9st 150 (Glover), 3, 7 ran.

Buddrook Handicap.—Mr. C. Bush's b c Beadman, by Broomielaw—Menace, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (Lemaire), 1; Manser'), 2; Mr. Hampton's b f Xantho, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb (car 7st 9lb) (C. Wood), 3. 3 ran.

KEMPTON PARK MEETING.

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KEMPTON PARK MEETING.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2t.

The PARK HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. Case-Walker's Bugle March, by Trumpeter—Quick March, aged, rast (J. Adams), r; Captain Machell's Jacobin, 4 yrs, 1054 8lb (car 10st 101b) (Jewitv), 2; Mr. R. S. Evans's Iron Duke, 4 yrs, 16st 2lb (G. Chesterman), 3. 8 ran.

The TRIAL STAKES—Mr. Cameron's Misenus, by Trumpeter—Lady Masham, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (Constable), r; Mr. Hunt's Hestia, 6 yrs, 6st 5lb (Aldridge), 2. 2 ran.

The HALLIFORD WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. D. Green-Price's Lady Ronald, by Lord Lyon—Edith, by Newmioster, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb (F. Archer), r; Mr. W. Burton s Maid of Wye, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb (T Cannon), 2; Captain D. Lane's Cannon Ball, 4 yrs, test 3'b (J. Manser), 3. 9 ran.

The GARRICK TWO-VR-OLD PLATE.—Sir W. 'Ihrockmorton's Island King, by King of the Forest—Minna Troll, 8st 7lb (car 8st 8lb) (Glover), 1; Mr. Ellerton's Romana, 9st 2lb (R. Wyatt), 2; Mr. Bush's Beddington, 8st 12lb (T. Cannon), 3. 5 ran.

The THAMES SELLING—Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Templar, by Adventurer—Lady Palmerston, aged, 9st 2lb (J. Goater), 1; Mr. W. H. Harvey's Medora, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb (T. Lane), 2; Captain Machell's Citoyenue, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb (Greaves), 3. 1 aran.

A. PHLING HUNTERS' STAKES.—Mr. A. W. Merry's Gimcrack, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb Mr. H. Owen), 1.

The KEMPTON NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Golby's Groundbait, by Paul Jones—Madam Walton, 7st (Greaves), Mr. T. Cannon's !elephone, 7st 4lb (J. Watts), 2; Mr. Moses Taylor's ch c by Ventnor—Georgiana, 6st 7lb (Miley), 3. 11 ran.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

AUTEUIL AUTUMN STEEPLE-CHASES.

AUTEUIL AUTUMN STEEPLE-CHASES.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

PRIN DE CROIN DE BERNY (*teeple-chase).—Baron Finot's b c Muscadin, by Capitaliste—Richwond Hill, by Fernhill, 3 yrs tot 8lb (Edwards), 1; Marquis de St. Sauveur's ch c Brimir; 3 yrs, 10st 8lb (Gardner), 2; Mr. J. Page's ch f Belle Jardinière, 4 yrs 1 rest 3lb (Owner), 3. 5 ran.

PRIN DE COURBEVOIE (selling hurdle race).—Baron Finot's b c Muscadin Capitaliste—Richmond Hi'l, 3 yrs. 10st 12lb (Edwards), 1. 7 ran.

PRIN D'ADIEU (steeple chase handicap).—Viscount de Bnisseret's b f Girofla, by Vert Galant—La Girafe, by Pretty Hoy, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb (Baker) 1; Count d'Evry's ch g Pondor, aged, 9st 8lb (Summers), 2; M. Chapard's b m Consolation, aged, 10st 6lb (Fage), 3. 6 ran.

PRIN DE CLOTURE (hurdle handicap).—M. Maurice's br m Chapaize, by Souvenir—Tirelire, by Pretty Boy, 5 yrs, 9st 13lb (Mitchell), 1; Baron Finot's b c Doublon, 4 yrs. 11st 10 (Edwards), 2; Capt. Cadrillon's ch h Clin Foc, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb (Page) 3. 13 ran.

VESINET MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

PRIN VERTUGADIN.—M. Ephrussi's ch f Vérité II., by Revigay—Mdlle de Varaville, 7st 10lb (Sheppard), 1. 9 ran.

PRIN DOLLAR (bandicap).—M. de Dorlodot's ch f Myette, by Trocadéro—Orpheline, 4 yrs, 0st 3lb (Ryan) 1; M. Lupin's ch c Cactue, 3 yrs, 0st 2lb (Hudson), 2; M. de la Charme's b c Matour, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb (Heslop), 3. 15

PRIX MARS (welter handicap).—M. A. Stripp's chf Girouette, by Cymbal—Mdlle, de Maupas, 3 yrs, 9st 71b (Lavis), 1. 4 ran.

PRIX SUZERAIN (hurdle handicap). Baron Seillière's b h Carnaval, by Mignon—Pierette, 4 yrs, 11st 11b (Gardner), 1. 5 ran.

SALE OF HORSES.—On Saturday last, 55 lots were offered for sale at Mr. Slater's Repository, and 43 actually sold. Some horses of good breeding and fashion were consigned by the proprietors of the Holland Park Riding School, and found ready purchasers at fair prices. Some weigh-carrying hunters the property of Mr. Burra, of Ashford, fetched the highest prices of the day. "Heverley," an aged horse of rare s'amp, fell to the bid of Mr. Barrington Poote at 60 guineas. "Pendragon," a noted hunter purchased by Mr. Burra from Sir T. Lennard's Belhus Stud, was a coveted prize among the welter weights, and as the Essex men were in attendance to endeavour to re-purchase their old favourite, a sharp competition ensued, but the horse was ultimately secured by Mr. Humphreys for 100 guineas and still remains in East Kent.

BURNING OF A THEATRE.

HAVING received a press invitation to attend the opening of a new theatre, erected on the site of the grand old playhouse, known in the days of Charles II. as "the Duke's," where recently stood the old City gas-works, on Thursday last, we duly attended and found a large audience assembled. Soon after the house was discovered to be in flames, and the scene which ensued was grandly terrible. But when the roaring fire was at its height, and the sames were leaping-through its roof, a sudden deluge of water fell, and in an instant the building was saved. This is only our playful way of saying that we were present when the City Lands' Committee, Guildhall, havirg granted Messrs, Lawes and M'Lennan permission to make experiments on the site of the old City Gasworks, adjoining De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Thames Embankment, Blackfriars, exhibited their Patented Invention for the automatic extinction of fires in theatres and other buildings, when a large wooden structure, erected and fitted up after the model of a theatre, and filled with highly inflammable material, was set fire to, for the purpose of thoroughly testing the invention.

THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY seems likely to try the endurance THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY seems likely to try the endurance of our troops to the utmost. It cannot be too often repeated that in all cases of great bodily exertion there is nothing so sustaining as that delicious Liqueur, Grant's Morblla Cherry Brandy. Captain Boyton used it in his memorable swim across the Channel, and has publicly testified to its wonderful efficacy. Persons with weak constitutions should take it. Apply to all Wine Merchants, at all Bars and Restaurants, or to Thomas Grant, Distiller Maidstone.—[Advv.]

REVIEWS.

The Monks of Thelema. An Invention. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE, authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," &c. London: Chatto and Windus.

It was unfortunate for the authors of this clever novel that it was first presented to the public in hebdomadal fractions. We cannot recall any recent work of fiction less suited to the serial process of production than "The Monks of Thelema"—all the delicate of production than "The Monks of Thelema"—all the deficate flavour of the quaint conceit and fancy evaporated under that exasperating treatment, and we must caudidly confess that we grew thoroughly tired of the weekly instalments of the tale, and threw it up in disgust before it was much more than half finished. Very different, however, is the impression left after a perusal of the novel in its three-volume form. We now have leisure to study it as a whole. We are able to grasp the authors' idea, and as we lay down the last volume we pronounce it a charming and graceful tale—unique in design, and delicate in workmanship. Nothing could be happier in its way than the satire upon "the disciples of the Higher Culture" contained in the inimitable portrait of Paul Rondelet, Fellow of Lothian, Oxford. It is keen, incisive, and pungent, without ever losing its refined point. Indeed, the portrait of Paul Rondelet is the eleverest sketch in the deed, the portrait of Paul Rondelet is the cleverest sket h in the book, and will immensely amuse all who are not followers of Messrs. Rossetti, Whistler, and Co. Not less happy is the picture of Alan Dunlop endeavouring to introduce the Higher Culture among the farm labourers on his estate. We do not know when we have laughed so heartily as we did at Alan's first experiences as a practical labourer. They are irresistibly mirth-provoking, and told with delicious humour. Of the Abbey of Thelema itself, with its Brethren and Sisters, we confess we got a little weary after the first volume. Our interest in the order is confined to six of its members—Alan and Miranda. Desdemona (the dea ex after the first volume. Our interest in the order is confined to six of its members—Alan and Miranda, Desdemona (the dea ex machimâ of the play), Brother Peregrine, and Tom Caledon and Nelly Despard. The three last, however, only enlist our sympathy in a minor degree. It is, after all, as a satire upon the Higher Culture school, and especially upon those enthusiasts who believe in the apotheosis of the British labourer, that the work engages our attention and admiration. Alan Dunlop's extravagant enthusizsm is gently and even tenderly dealt with, and we respect and like him in spite of all his absurdities, but we are never allowed to lose sight of the current of sharp satire that underlies the fable and points its moral. It is this which gives the novel a piquancy and flavour over which every reader who enjoys clever satire must smack his lips. It is only fair to the authors to say that they seem to have carefully studied the characteristics of the agricultural class. And, indeed, the portraits of Stephen Bostock, the bailiff, and his daughter Alma are as skilfully drawn as those of any of their superiors. We welcome the "The Monks of Thelema" not only as a clever and amusing novel, but as a wholesome and seasonab'e satire which may not be without some salutary effect on society. salutary effect on society.

The Battle of the Roosters. By a VICTIM. Illustrated by Wallis Mackay. London: A. H. Bailey and Co.

DWELLERS in the suburbs who are fond of gardening and detest poultry will relish this clever and amusing brochure, which tells of the fortunes and misfortunes of a gentleman who manfully but ineffectually strove against the fowl proclivities of his neighbours. The story is racily and humorously told, and capitally illustrated by Mr. Wallis Mackay, who has admirably caught the spirit of the writer. The portrait of "Healthy William" is delicious.

Angling Resorts near London. The Thames and Lea. By J. P. WHEELDON. London: Trübner and Co.

READERS of Bell's Life will not need to be told who Mr. J. P. Wheeldon is, for they have long enjoyed the weekly perusal of his spirited and racy angling articles. The papers collected in this volume have already appeared in the pages of our contemporary; but they are well worth republishing, as much for their literary merit as for their practical value. Mr. Wheeldon is an experienced and enthuwhich have characterised the style of literary anglers from Izaak Walton downwards. We have enjoyed the re-perusal of these papers much, and we recommend all London anglers, who wish to know what sport awaits them within easy range of "towo," to take Mr. Wheeldon as their guide, philosopher, and friend; they will find him not only instructive, but exceedingly entertain they will find him not only instructive, but exceedingly entertain-

THE MAGAZINES.

Macmillan's this month is a more than ordinarily interesting number. Mr. William Blades contributes a brief paper on "John Walter and the Birth of the Times," which contains some incidents in the career of the founder of the "Thunderer" not generally known, Mr. Arthur Granville Bradley gives a graphic and entertaining account of the Southern negroes as they are now, and the picture is not nearly so dark as some pes-simists both here and in the States would have us believe. Mr. Edward Rose discusses a new phase of Shakspeare's character, or, at any rate, one which we do not remember to have seen treated of before, in his paper on "Shakspeare as an Adapter." Mr. Rose founds his remarks upon the play of King John, there being still extant the chronicle-play from which Shakspeare adapted his historical drama. The comparison between the original chronicle play and the Shakspearian adaptation shows how the great dramatist went about his work as an adapter. "He the great dramatist went about his work as an adapter, "He has recast it," says Mr. Rose, "more completely than any one ever could—or would with a first sketch often so powerful—recast his own work. Although each scene of Shakspeare follows a scene of the original, he has not throughout the whole play copied one line nearly word for word. . . So entirely, indeed, has the dialogue been rewritten, that one can hardly imagine Shakspeare to have known the original play, except by seeing it acted, and perhaps quietly reading it through."

Mr. Rose, however, while doing full instict to the splendid super-Mr. Rose, however, while doing full justice to the splendid supe iority of the adaptation over the original, does not hesitate to say that in some points Shakspeare's King John is inferior to the oldthat in some points Shakspeare's King your is inferior to the old-chronicle play. What those points are, we must refer the reader to the article to discover. The paper is one which we commend to the perusal of all critical lovers of Shakspeare. Sir Thomas Douglas Forsyth takes up the cudgels for "Ameer Shere Ali," and has a strong word to say in his defence. "I venture to think," says Sir Thomas, "that those of us who made his acquaintance and gained his friendship when he came to the Umballa Durbar in 1869 will adhere to the belief that the best mode of meeting Russian aggression is not by putting our hands mode of meeting Russian aggression is not by putting our hands into a hornet's nest, and lament that Lord Mayo's plan of conciliating and controlling Shere Ali has not been allowed to have free scope. In the inevitable war with Afghanistan the British arms will, of course, be victorious; but I venture to predict that our real trouble will only begin when we have Catul at our feet." Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new tale, "Haworth's," begins exceedingly well, and promises to be a very powerful story, superior in dramatic intensity and interest even to "That Lass o" Lowrie's.

In Cornhill the best of the miscellaneous papers is that by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, on "The Eighteenth Century." Mr. Kebbel is

an ardent admirer of that century—"a century not overburdened with delicacy or scrupulousness of any kind, but bluff, hale, and hearty, a century of great moral and mental tranquility, of some coarseness and animalism, and of unruffled religious belief among the great masses of the people; a century in which the landmarks were not removed and abuses were allowed to spread in picturesque luxuriance over all our most venerable institutions; a century, nevertheless, of great men and great deeds, in which century, nevertheless, of great men and great deeds, in which England rose to a predominant place among the nations of the world, and fitted herself to perform the great part which Providence had in store for her as the saviour of the liberties of Europe." Mr. Kebbel's picture of the various phases in the Burope." Mr. Kebbel's picture of the various phases in the social life of the eighteenth century is drawn with much vigour and skill. An essay on "The Fear of Death" has some thought in it, yet hardly as much as one would have expected in an essay with such an ambitious title. The reader who has thought over the subject previously for himself will find little added to be stock of impressions by a perusal of this essay. A paper thought over the subject previously for misself with misself with misself with misself with misself and perusal of this essay. A paper on "Kirks, Mnisters, and Manses," one on "The Undefinable in Art," and one on "Regnard," the French Comedist of the Seventeenth Century, complete the list of general articles in Cornhill. The two serials "For Percival" and "Within the Precincts" are drawing near their end, and if the truth the told are flagging in interest, though each as a whole. must be told, are flagging in interest, though each, as a whole, is a clever tale.

is a clever tale.

Scribner's has as its pièce de résistance this month an admirable paper on Longfellow, richly illustrated. Bret Harte contributes a humorous poem, something in his old style, entitled "The Spelling Bee at Angel's," in which we recognise some old friends who figured in "The Row upon the Stanislaus." "A Night with Edison" is a paper of peculiar interest just now, and gives a vivid picture of the great inventor at home. "Haworth's" is running in Scribner's contemporaneously with its appearance in Macmillan's. Among other items in the long table of contents we may mention "The Apparition of Jo Murch," an amusing sketch, and "Picturesque Aspects of Farm Life in New York," but there are unwards of a dozen readable contributions which we but there are upwards of a dozen readable contributions which we have no space to mention. The illustrations, we need hardly add, are excellent as ever. When shall we have an English magazine illustrated with anything like the profuseness and beauty of

The Atlantic Monthly well sustains its character for solid literary worth. "The Nationals, their Origin and their Aims," "Presidential Elections," and "Oppressive Taxation of the Poor," form weighty enough ballast for even a quarterly review. These are, however, relieved by lighter matter. "The Star in the Valley" is a tale with both humour and pathos in it. "The Lady of the Aroostook," too, is not a bad story by any means, and there are some pretty pieces of verse. The "Contributor's Club" has some interesting communications, notably the experiences of "A Girl Student at Cambridge, England," and some notes on "English and American Acting," which we shall give

The Victoria Magazine has a capital portrait of Mr. B. Farjeon, some excellent "Hints for Sick-nurses" by Mrs. Leith-Adams, with verses and fiction of the ordinary magazine stamp.
In Belgravia Mr. Wilkie Collins concludes somewhat tamely

and abruptly his weird tale, "The Haunted Hotel." The story began remarkably well, but has not fulfilled its opening promise. In his later tales Mr. Wilkie Collins presumes too much upon the In ms later tales Mr. White Collins presumes too much upon the credulity of his readers, and is altogether too reckless in his use of the supernatural. We are willing to accept the ghostly in moderation from the hand of a master, but not even Mr. Wilkie Collins can make an excess of these "old wives' fables" contains to sensible readers. "The Return of the Native" contains some of Mr. Hardy's best writing and some of his worst manner-isms. We have found it difficult to follow the tale with patience through its serial career, and shall pass no opinion upon it until we have an opportunity of studying it in its completed form. Mr. Austin Dobson contributes a charming dramatic vignette, entitled "Au Revoir," marked by all the delicate grace of versification for which he is famous. Mr. W. E. Norris's "Bianca" is a clever and amusing little tale, and Mr. R. A. Proctor is eloquent and interesting, as usual, in treating of "The Sun in his Glory." Mr. Robert Macgregor gives a useful and succinct résume of Mr. Julian Marshalls "History of Tennis," Mrs. Letitia McClintock records some quaint Cavan superstitions, and "The Journal of Charles Colles," and a short story, "To His Own Destruction," complete the bill of fare of a very readable number of Belgravia. have an opportunity of studying it in its completed form. Mr. Austin readable number of *Belgravia*.

The *Gentleman's* has its usual zoological article by Andrew

The Gentleman's has its usual zoological article by Andrew Wilson, and its usual dramatic article by Lutton Cook. The former this month is on "The Migration of Animals," the latter on "Mr. Crabtree." Each subject is treated in the well-known style of its respective author. There is also a paper on "Balzac," by N. H. Barton Baker, a little thin; a clever one on "Nation-Making," by Grant Allen, and a fair one on "Thomas Chatterton," by Richard Edgeumbe. The most interesting contribution is that of Mr. Frederick Boyle, on "The Resurrection of Ashanti," which forms coursons segmed to the story of our little row with King Koffac Kal a curious sequel to the story of our little row with King Koffee Kal-Murray, who supplies a complete story entitled "An Old Meerschaum," and a capital story it is. "Sylvanus Urban" is chatty and agreeable in "Table-talk."

In Once a Week Mr. George Manville Fenn reigns supremended the latest of the complete story and the latest of the complete story in the story of the complete story and the latest of the latest

indeed, his two interesting tales, "Dutch the Driver" and "A London Legend," monopolise almost the whole magazine, a monopoly to which we are sure none of its readers will object.

London Society is a good average number, with nothing specially noteworthy in it. "A Pilgrimage in the Peak," "The Curious Adventurers of a Field Cricket" (an amusing fable now

brought to a conclusion), "Switzerland by Pen and Pencil" (profusely illustrated), and "Some Past Anglican Worthies" are the principal items in the list of contents. Miss Annie Thomas's "Blue Eyes and Golden Hair" is brought to a happy issue, and Miss Bertha Thomas's "serial, "Cressida," progresses satisfactorily. The St. James's Magazine consists principally of fiction. There are no less than three serial tales running simultaneously through its pages. The stories appear to be of fair average

through its pages. The stories appear to be of fair average third-rate merit. There is nothing else in the magazine that needs mention.

needs mention.

The Charing Cross Magazine is a curious medley. Sandwiched between a bit of vers de societé, entitled "A Little Dinner," and a "Social Essay" on "Fools," we have a paper on "Unfulfilled Prophecy and the Great Pyramid"! Then we have a novel with the feeble title of "Sympathy," a paper on "Explosions in Coalpits," some rather halting sonnets, a Parisian sketch, and some doggrel stanzas, entitled "Mask and Lyre." From this it will be manifest that there is no lack of variety in Charing Cross, but we confess that we fail quite to see the raison d'être of such a magazine—except as a refuge for rejected amateurs. amateurs.

The University Magazine has a capital paper on William Morris, with an admirable portrait. How many readers of "The Earthly Paradise," we wonder, are aware that its author is the head of the flourishing firm of art-decorators, &c., trading under the style and title of Morris and Co.; or that the said firm was originated by such a distinguished band of partners as Burne Jones, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Webb and Morris? For details as to the starting of the firm and other interesting matters connected with it, we refer our readers to the article. There is also a good paper entitled "An Appeal from the Judgment of Malthus," besides other readable sketches and tales. Miss Mabel Collis's novel, "In this World," is brought to a conclusion in the present number. Some of the late W. H. Harrison's "Notes and Reminiscences" are amusing, and a feature of the magazine which we must not omit to mention and commend because it is unique, is "The Spirit of the Universities," which embraces correspondence not only from Cambridge, Oxford, and Dublin, but

from Glasgow, Melbourne, and Granada.

Chambers's Journal contains its usual long list of useful and entertaining articles, from which we confess it is difficult to select any one or two as better than the rest. Those which have struck us most in perusal may, however, be mentioned. They are "Plundering à la Mode," "Journalistic Amenities," "The National Game-bag." "Strange Animal Friendships," and "Passages in the Life of a Showman."

Baily's has a portrait of Mr. J. Bernard Hankey, Master of the Surrey Union, and a good show of sporting articles, notably "Amphion's," Little Peddlingtons of the Turf," "Tom Stretcher looks over a Manor," and " The Blue Coat and Brass Buttons Era." A plea for the restoration of the capercalizie to the woods of Scotland deserves notice. "Our Van" is fair, though not so amusing as we have known it; and the number is supplemented by a complete list of foxhounds and harriers, with their masters, huntsmen, whip3, kennels, &c.

We have also received Tales from Blackwood, containing three excellent stories. The Danes in England (Messrs. Warne and Co.); is a capital book for boys, in which history and fiction are cleverly blended. The Querist's Album, is a book for autographs on a new plan, published by Messrs. Bryce and Son, of Glasgow. Judy's Album, from Judy's office, full of clever, humorous drawings, admirably engraved and printed, with plenty of funny matter for reading. Richard the First, a drama by Fred Proctor, in which there are several scenes of considerable dramatic power, and much poorly-written dialogue. This month's numbers of Cassell's Illustrated History of the Russo-Turkish Var, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and from the same publishers, Part 1 of The Crown Bible, Part 16 of Canaries and Cage Birds, the first number of a most attractive new work to be is-ued in monthly parts and called Our Own Country, splendidly illustrated and very readable; No. 1 of Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery, a work of genuine practical value; and the Magazine of Art for November, which is full of fine wood engravings and matters of interest in various departments of art study. We have also received Hood's Comic Annual for 1879, the plums in which are certainly the richly comic grotesque drawings of Mr. J. T. Sullivan, the irresistibly humorous ideas of Mr. Fred Barnard, and Henry S. Leigh's amusing verses. Mr. Dowty is hardly up to his own rollicksome standard in King Ja-Jo-Ja. In *The Way it is Done*, Mrs. Warren (Houlston and Sons) spoils a story by devoting it to a series of domestic and sanitary matters, about which the author dogmatises pleasantly enough, but with dangerously little knowledge of science. practical hints it contains, few would be content to wade through so much twaddle to get at them. The House Surgeon, or The Doctor at Home, is just what the previous work would be if all that is of value in it were separated from the idle chattering of a lady who is bent on book-making. It contains a series of the most useful directions for cases of serious emergency connected with accidents at home, written without needless comments in clear simple language, which none can fail to understand, occupying altogether merely a few pages.

After the rehearsal of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at the Albert Hall on Monday evening, Mr. Joseph Barnby was presented by the members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society with a service of silver plate, of the value of £200, the occasion of this tribute being the recent marriage of the gentleman to whom this choir is deeply indebted for its efficiency.

NEWS ITEMS.

J. R. HUMPHREYS has taken the Lambourne House stables for his twenty-four yearlings.

MESSRS. WEATHERBY have been appointed handicappers for Chester Races, Mr. Joseph Topham having resigned.

THE last meeting to be held over the Kingsbury Course will take place on Thursday and Friday, December 12th and 13th.

A "Brighton Anglers' Association" has been formed. Forty members have been enrolled, and a code of rules adopted.

A RUSSIAN correspondent of a German journal states that, owing to the demobilisation of the Russian army, the surplus cavalry horses are being sold off by auction at ridiculous prices. He says a short time ago a party of Jews attended the sales, and recrossed the frontier with a thousand horses they had purchased for 285 roubles, or rather less than a shilling each. These worthy descendants of Shylock will no doubt make a good speculation, for, according to the testimony of this correspondent, the lowest price at which a fair animal can be obtained on the Prussian side of the frontier is 20gs.

WE have received a copy of Mr. Shipwright's "Oxford and Cambridge" Almanack for 1879, which contains much useful information on racing and other matters; it is elegantly got up

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD has bought Duke of Magenta, the best American three-year-old of the year, for 10,000 dols, and one-half his winnings in England next year, 10,000 dols, guaranteed. A few weeks previously 25,000 dols had been refused, the price then being 40,000 dols., and no delivery till the year's racing was

THE Hornet says: Mr. Phelps, unlike Mr. Sothern, succumbed to his illness. His life had been so regular and his general health so good that, although he was considerably over three score years and ten, it was fully expected by his friends he would have been able to fulfil his last engagement with the lessee of Drury Lane. Of late, I believe, he usually took carriage exercise, but I remember he was a good pedestrian some years ago. One day I was walking in the north of London with a well-known actor who called my attention to a man in front of us. "There goes Phelps," said he. I could not believe my eyes. Viewed from behind, Phelps, closely shaved, with square shoulders and elastic step, might have been taken for a man of thirty. He was then close on seventy. When we came up with him my companion congratulated him on his juvenile appearance, and I ventured to ask him what stimulants he had been accustomed to take when acting. I then learned he was most abstemious, and, unlike many of his little claret-and-water, but seldom want that."

On Monday, at the Lord Mayor's Court, Guildhall, the case of On Monday, at the Lord Mayor's Court, Gunionan, the case of Baughan v. Rymill was heard. Mr. Macrae Moir, barrister, who appeared for the plaintiff, said his client was a gentleman, who formerly lived at Putney, but was now residing at Brighton. In June last Mr. Baughan sent a horse to the defendant's repository in Barbican for the purpose of sale. It had been purchased from the defendant six months previously for £50, and when returned to the repository was without blemish. When run out in the yard, however, to show to an intending purchaser, it fell and sustained considerable injuries, which deteriorated its value so much that it was ultimately sold for £19. The plaintiff accordingly claimed £15 damages. Mr. Bucknall, barrister, for the defendant, contended that there was no negligence, that this was a test case, and that if the verdict was for the plaintiff under the circumstances, his client would be constantly subjected to actions for accidental injuries. Eventually the jury found for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed.

WITH few exceptions, says The Live-stock Journal, all English rivers are now closed to salmon angling, the last day of fishing with rod and line under the general law being November 1. Local by-laws, however, have been made in the following cases, by which the period for angling has been extended in the Conway, Clwyd, and Carnarvonshire rivers to the 14th November, in the Yorkshire rivers and in the Taw and Torridge to the 15th November, in the Afon, Dyfi or Dovey to the 19th, and in the smaller streams of South Devon to the 20th or 21st November. In Scotland few streams are open after the 16th October, and the only river in which engling for salmon is permitted after the 1st November is the Tweed, which is open till the 1st December. There is no doubt that this date is much too late, and few, if any of the fish now being taken are in proper condition to be caught. In Ireland, again, no rivers are open for salmon fishing after November 1, and this law also applies to trout, which are unprotected in Scotland, and only partially protected in England, where their capture is permitted in rivers not situated in salmon fishery districts all the year round. In fishery districts the close time commenced on October 2, with the exception of the Dee, where angling was legally continued till the 14th of that month. Next year, however, under the provisions of the new Fisheries Act of last Session, the close time for trout, from the 2nd October to the 1st February, will be universal throughout England and Wales, except in Norfolk and Suffolk where it is fixed from the 10th December to the 25th January, and except in cases where it may be varied by local by-laws.

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It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the EDITOR, and not to any snawidual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

DRAMATIC.

X. Y. Z.—The idea is a very old one. In some notes upon Shakspeare published by Mr. Seymour in 1803, for instance, we find the following:—I think two ghosts are seen, Duncan's first, and afterwards that of Banquo: for what new terror, or what augmented perturbation, is to be produced by the reappearance of the same object, in the same scene? or, if but one dread monitor could gain access to this imperial malefactor, which had the superior claim? or who was the more likely to harrow the remorseful bosom of Macbeth, "the gracious Duncan," he who had "borne his faculties so meek, had been so clear in his great office," and in "the deep damnation of whose taking-off," not only friendship, allegiance, and kindred, but sacred hospitality had been profaned,—or Banouo, his mere "partner." of whom it only could be said that, "in his rovalty of nature reigned that which would be feared;" that wisdom guided his valour, and that under him the genius of Macbeth sustained rebuke?—which, I demand, of these two sacrifices to his "vaulting ambition" was more likely, at the regal banquet, to break in upon and confound the usurper? Besides this obvious general claim to precedence exhibited by Duncan how else can we apply these lines?

"If charnel-houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites;"
for they will not suit with Banquo, who had no grave or charnel-house assigned to him; but was abandoned in a ditch; to find a monument in the "maws of kites." must refer to Duncan who, we may reasonably suppose, received the formal ostentatious rites of sepulture.

I do not overlook the words—

"Thou canst not say I did it,"
which mave be urged against my argument; but if this sentence will stand, in the case of Ranquo, as the subteringe of one who had, by deputy, and not in person, done the murder, it surely will accord with the pains that had been taken to fix the murder on the grooms, may sufficiently defend the application of the remark to the royal spectre. Besides, to who

M. P. Harris.—Colley Cibber, in his "Apology," gives a very good account of the chief actors of 1690, and their theatrical characters. You will find it in vol. I.

Barnes, Surrey.

PEGGY.—There was an article on Peg Wossington in a recent number of the St. James's Magazine, dealing with the chief events in her life.

St. Yames's Magazine, dealing with the chief events in her life.

P.G.—(1). As early as the reign of Henry VIII. For instance, A Merry Play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neybour Pratte was the name of a play printed and published on April 5th, 1533, a few years before the dissolution of monasteries. (2). There were probably companies of strolling players who wore the liveries of great lords even then. You will find in our forthcoming Christmas number a curious story of such a company given on the authority of Thomas Heyword, the friend of Shakspeare. (3). Diccon is the ancient nickname for Richard. (4). Henslow. (5). Nothing is known of William Haughton the dramatist beyond the fact that he preceded Shakspeare and was imprisoned for debt in the Clink, Southwark.

STOCK ACTOR.—The result will most likely be the permanent closing of all

STOCK ACTOR.—The result will most likely be the permanent closing of all the smaller country theatres, and the lowering of the present high rate of salaries in star companies. We have not space for your letter this week.

MUSICAL.

MUSICAL.

Povero.—You may acquire a considerable knowledge of the art of vocalisation from books. The treatise by Manuel Garcia is so exhaustive of the entire subject, that it leaves little fresh to be said by any teacher. From such books you may learn the theory of voice production, and may learn how to develop the vocal powers, &c., but it would be wise not to attempt this kind of self-instruction until after your voice has been, in the first instance, trained by a competent professor. The knowledge of time, and of intervals, necessary for "singing at sight," may be acquired from books, but all the technical knowledge in the world would be comparatively valueless if your voice production be faulty Take lessons of a good master for six months at least, and then you may venture to teach yourself, if you have opportunities of acquiring style by listening to good singers.

singers.

Cor.—You seem to be unaware that there have been two famous English trumpet-players, bearing the name of Thomas Harper. The first of the two was born at Worcester, in 1788, and died a quarter of a century back. His son, Mr. Thomas Harper, is the most celebrated trumpet-player of the present day.

R. W. M.—"The sea, the sea, the open sea," was not the only popular English work of its author, the Chevalier Von Neukomm. His songs, "The Stormy Petrel" and "Napoleon's Midnight Review," were highly popular here some forty years back. He was born at Salzburg in 1778, and lived to a great age.

B. S. V. V.—Nocturne (French) and Notturno (Italian) mean the same

A. S. V.—Nocturne (French) and Notturno (Italian) mean the same thing. Why should you not style your pianoforte solo "A Night-piece?"

VETERINARIAN.

P. W.—Oleate of mercury either with or without morphia will not, when applied to a bunter, hinder him from work. Of course the ailment may do so for which the remedy is used. Should the remedy cause an eruption it must be left off for a day or two.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. V.—Here are three: relect which you please. The first from Drummond of Hawthornden. sonnet 25, part 1:—

"Who gazeth on the dimp'e of that chin,
And firds not Venus' son entrench'd therein?"

The second from the Shepheard's Tales by Richard Brathwayte:—

"Admpled chin,
Made for Love to lodge him in."

And a third from Matthew P.ior:—
"In her forehead's fair half round
Love st sin open triumph crown'd;

Love s ts in open triumph crown'd:
He, in the dimples of her chin,
In private state by friends is seen."
Theo. Cranz.—We are unable to reply.

Gronge G. S.—Ves. A Common control of the chin,

GEORGE G. S.—Wes. A German quarto printed in 1613 contains the following account of the civic procession on Lord Mayor's day in London:

"First wert the mayor in a stately barge, followed by an incredible number of boats to Whitehall, where, having taken an oath of fealty to the king, he was by him created a knight, after which he returned by water. Several efficers of state preceded the mayor on their way to Guildhall chamber. The various companies walked in procession, taked in scarlet robes, ard armed with swords and stields. The procession was enlivened by nettures or negative one of which retreasered the first second or the second of the first second or enlivened by pictures or pageants, one of which represented the fine arts, another the whole series of British monarchs."

THE ILLUSTRATED Syorting and Dramatic Mews.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BLOOD SIRES .- No. 1.

SEEING that the production of thoroughbred stock has been for years a specialité of our countrymen, who may claim to have colonised the world with the fruits of their labours, it might not unnaturally be concluded that their practice in this department has well-nigh reached perfection, and that little or nothing new is now to be learned on a subject they had made especially their own. And yet experience daily teaches us that we may go on for a long period perpetuating errors and mistakes which have in process of time assumed the aspect of sacred traditions, until different ideas are struck out and adopted by others, not having before their eyes the fear of breaking through laws and ordinances laid down by their predecessors, and which have become venerable through the lapse of years. It was good and wholesome for us to adapt the principle of free trade in horseflesh with Continental nations, if only for the reason that certain firmly-rooted ideas have been rudely disturbed, and that we have been brought to doubt the policy and expediency of customs which have long obtained among us with regard to the breeding and rearing of horses. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that, however great has been the drain of our best blood to foreign countries, corresponding benefits have been received back in exchange in the shape of new ideas, and we may be said to have fully realized the truth of the old maxim, fas est et ab hoste doceri. If we have failed to read the lessons set before us by the system of breeding pursued in France and elsewhere, we have only ourselves to blame; but its results are year by year being forced upon us in the shape of reverses suffered by our best horses at the hands of the once-despised "foreigners;" and we are thus unconsciously led to compare their management with our own, and to take a leaf out of their books when experience has shown us the expediency as well as the safety of this somewhat humiliating operation.

If there is one thing more than another which has struck us in our many wanderings of late years up and down the country among thoroughbred nurseries where stallions form part of the establishment, it is the mono-tonous sameness and identity of routine which charac-terises the management of these lords of the harem. And not only this, but the conviction has been forced upon us that we have been working on a wrong tack in many respects, and more especially as regards the important item of daily exercise and enlargement in the open air. No one, we presume, who has given the subject of breeding the most superficial consideration will be found bold enough to deny that the health and vigour of his offspring must in the highest degree be dependent upon the observance of these important conditions in their progenitor; and it may be worth while to pause and enquire whether the notorious fact of many stallions becoming roarers at the stud may not be attributable to their treatment when taken out of training. Loss of temper may be referred to the same cause in a great degree, or, at any rate, the failing may be aggravated by the system at present in vogue among stud-grooms and their satellites, whose laws are apt to partake of the character of those of the Medes and Persians, and have been dictated less by common sense than common usage. The normal state of existence among blood sires partakes strongly of the dismal monotony of the treadmill; for although three or four hours' exercise per diem is rigorously insisted upon, and for the most part religiously carried out, it is mostly of a nature calculated rather to defeat its own sends, which may be described as invigorating and finally sedative to the constitution of the animal. The methods most in vogue for securing the prescribed quantum sufficit of exercise are leading and lungeing, but we cannot regard either process as better than a makeshift at best. Indeed, to stallions of highly sensitive or nervous temperaments we can imagine nothing more utterly irksome and provoking, for their muscles can only be extended to a very limited extent, and their attendants too often are the means of making things worse by undue severity exercised upon the slightest show of temper or fractiousness. No doubt something is "taken out of them" by their walks abroad and lungeing round the ring, but we fancy that diminution in flesh in too many cases is secured at the loss of nervous energy, and that the mind (so to speak) rather than the body undergoes the process of reduction. As a natural consequence, the unfortunate animal waxes more savage and uncontrollable than ever, in which case it will be found that their daily outing becomes gradually of shorter duration, owing to the natural disinclination of their attendants to risk accidents to themselves or to their charges while going their rounds. It is well known that certain distinguished "sires of the day" are amenable only to discipline at the hands of individuals who may be compared to the "attendants" in a lunatic asylum, and we doubt not that the "padded room" is still extant in a wellknown stud, the door and ceiling of which bear ample evidence to the fierce moods of its former inmate. We do not for a moment mean to imply that a "shortness" of temper is not characteristic of the noble animal during his life at the stud; but we are firmly convinced that his "little eccentricities" (as Artemus Ward would say) are rendered infinitely more marked by the absence of proper exercise or an insufficiency in the daily period of the horse's enlargement. Much may doubtless be done by firmness and conciliatory management within doors, but this is only half the battle, the remainder of which must be fought out in another department, to which we shall make allusion in the concluding part of this article on a future occasion. But if daily walks along the by-ways and hedges are ill-calculated to give the requisite amount of re-laxation to the muscles and circulation to the blood, what shall be said of the barbarous practice of lungeing on straw beds or grass? We can compare it to nothing more aptly than to that "last scene" in the life of many a

courser of high degree, when he is past even the labours of the cab-rank, and finally ekes out a wretched existence at the "pug-mill" in the brick-field? This, the last resource of lazy grooms, should surely not be permitted where facilities for exercise are available, and where are these not to be found? John Scott is said by the "Druid" to have finished the preparation of one of his cracks in the streets of London, and if this could be done, there is surely no excuse for lungeing in wards and padthere is surely no excuse for lungeing in yards and paddocks, which are almost invariably contiguous to the open country. No doubt some quiet, light-fleshed, easy-going "father of the stud" may be well suited with walking exercise, but these must be put down as exceptions to the general run of stallions, who are apt, like Jeshurun, to "wax fat," and to suffer from the humours and vapours incident to such a state. One rule cannot be laid down for all, and the attempt to do so has been the fruitful cause of much annoyance and discomfort to man and horse which we think might in a great dogges be availed. horse, which we think might, in a great degree, be avoided. That a reform in that direction is not impracticable, we hope to show in another part of this article, but before suggesting a remedy, we may have a few words to say about the treatment of stallions "at home" in their boxes, a by no means unimportant division of the subject, seeing that the greater part of their lives are now spent within doors. But we are warned to break off at this point, and must defer any further remarks until another occasion.

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

No. VI.-A STRAIGHT RIDER,

THE Dowager Lady Hortington, sitting in her barouche at the Cross Roads on the occasion of a meet at that likely centre, and holding her gold-framed eye-glasses to her aquiline nose, surveys us with the sort of expression she might be expected to assume on suddenly coming upon a herd of harmless but eccentric animals; and presently her ladyship desires to be informed who is the boy on the large brown horse? Sir Henry, who is on his horse at the side of the Hortington barouche, talking to its occupant, looks in the direction indicated. Seated on a great raking thorough-bred bay—it is not a brown, but the dowager scorns details—is a youth with mild blue eyes set in a smooth, rosy, and guileless countenance, decorated only by a faint and downy moustache, and now wearing such a weary and melancholy aspect that we who know him well understand that he is peculiarly happy and alert know him well understand that he is peculiarly happy and alert this morning. Kitty Trewson, dashing up in her most approved style, passes immediately behind the bay's tail—a proceeding which he accepts as an insult, and a furious plunge is the consequence. But you need not be anxious for the youth's safety; he seems to be sitting carelessly enough, but his seat is a good deal tighter than it looks, and a tug at the bridle, accompanied by a touch of the spur, convince the big bay that he will do well to behave himself. behave himself.

"I know his face," Lady Hortington continues, as she gazes at

this performance.
"Verv likely; you've met him in town, no doubt. It's young Wynnerly, of the — Guards," Sir Henry answers, making his adieux, and giving a signal to his huntsman, which is speedily communicated to the pack, and responded to by an eager dash

The youth is indeed that gallant warrior, Captain Wynnerly, whose fame as a gentleman-rider is European, and who, though one of the best fellows in the world, is by no manner of means the artless creature you would take him for if you were inclined to dispensed the apparent which print and the falls of the dispensed the apparent which are interested to the content of the falls of the content of the fall of the content of the falls of the content of the fall of the content o to disregard the proverb which points out the folly of judging from appearances. And that this folly is sometimes very expensive young Downing found to his cost on the occasion of Wynnerly s debut as a steeplechase rider in our country. Sir Henry had picked up in Ireland, for a small sum, an enormous chestnut horse which no one could manage to do anything with—except horse which no one could manage to do anything with—except fall off, an operation that was performed with remarkable punctuality and despatch by those who found themselves in the altitude of his saddle. Wonderful stories had been told of what Fireworks, as he was called, could do when he liked; but the prospect of verifying these anecdotes seemed small, as his proceedings were generally limited to bucking, with an ability which the most experienced Australian whaler might envy, and to stopping dead at his fences just at the moment when his rider had concluded that he certainly meant going this time. The second whip who usually he certainly meant going this time. The second whip who usually rode Sir Henry's horses had been put down so regularly that his confidence—to say nothing of his mortal frame—was severely shaken, and odds of three to one that whoever appeared on his back would not remain in that precarious situation till the end of

back would not remain in that precarious situation till the end of the day, were always to be obtained by the rashly speculative.

We heard, however, just before the Meadowmere Race Meeting, a couple of years ago, that a jockey was coming down who had won on Fireworks before, against very good horses; and not knowing Wynnerly in those days, we were astonished at his arrival, on the morning of the races, to go round and inspect the course, with a couple of other strangers: he looked so young and tender and artless that none of us could believe he was able to ride Fireworks. Downing, whose chief characteristic is the perride Fireworks. Downing, whose chief characteristic is the perfect satisfaction with which he regards himself, his opinions, his horses, and in fact all that is his—men who do not like him call him a supercilious ass—was a steward of the meeting, and took the new comers to show them the way; seeming greatly amused at Wynnerly's apparent dismay when they came to the brook.

"Over this river?" Wynnerly inquired with seeming anxiety

and apprehension. "Oh, yes! over here, sir. We call it the brook, though,"

Downing replied, with a rather contemptuous smile.
"Horrid great place! Isn't there a bridge or a way round?" he inquired, with an aspect of perfect sincerity, so far as could be seen, devoid of the faintest symptom of chaff. At all times it was undoubtedly a big jump, and rain had lately filled it and overflowed the banks.

"No, sir. Must go over between the flags-or in," the guide

explained.
"Yes. I shall have to deep?" Wynnerly asked. I shall have to take it in two, I expect. Is it very

"We'll see that you are not drowned, sir," Downing responded as they crossed the plank footbridge, to go and look at the posts and rails which, as Downing pleasantly anticipated, inspired fresh terrors in the infantile jockey's bosom; or so, at least, Downing

Downing had entered a horse for the steeplechase, and though I am certain Wynnerly never dreamed of influencing the betting by his demeanour while inspecting the course, the steward had satisfied himself that, with such a rider, Fireworks must be out of the hunt; and he not only laid the odds against that ill-disposed animal, but backed his own beast freely.

"You'll see some fun when that young gentleman gets on old Fireworks," Downing confided to his friends. "He's in the bluest funk you ever saw out of a paint-box; and look at the old horse kicking up behind and before!"

The old horse was indeed indulging himself in these and other

vagaries, and generally making more of a beast of himself than nature had made already; but now that it had come to the point, Wynnerly stood by superintending the process of saddling with

equanimity.

"Cruel bad temper he's in to-day! Why, it's twenty to one he doesn't get over the first two fences!" Downing exclaims in high good humour, which is but faintly checked when Sir Henry

quietly rejoins,—
"I shouldn't make the odds about that too long, if I were you,

Downing; and if he can win, you may depend upon it his rider will make him do it to-day."

It is soon evident that Wynnerly can sit on, at any rate. The moment he touches the saddle, Fireworks forms himself into a project of Gothic arch his saddle, himself. moment ne touches the saddle, Fireworks forms himself into a species of Gothic arch, his saddle being the apex, and then sets off to kick viciously, wriggling his body at the same time in an apparent attempt to see how his hind legs look during the operation. This is the strategical movement which usually disposate the strategical movement which usually disposate the strategical movement. tion. This is the strategical movement which usually disposes of his riders; but it has not this effect on Wynnerly, who, seeing that the question who is master had better be promptly decided, uses his cutting whip with such effective vigour that the horse absolutely stands still for a moment, tries another buck, which is followed stands still for a moment, tries another buck, which is followed by three sounding rib-binders, then gallops down the course sideways, and jumps the hurdle with about eighteen inches to spare. The folly of attempting to refuse the "river" was distinctly impressed upon him when an early symptom of insubordination displayed itself; and instead of being drowned, Wynnerly, to the open-mouthed amazement of Downing and his intimates, cantered in an easy winner, by many lengths, from the two competitors who had survived the course out of a field of seven. Downing and writh a rather meful face, but the lesson he learnt was paid up with a rather rueful face, but the lesson he learnt was worth a good deal of the money his experience cost him.

Until I saw Wynnerly go I had never thought that there was much in the recipe to make a good timber-jumper—"take him out and give him two or three heavy falls"—because I had imagined and give him two or three heavy falls "—because I had imagined that one partner to the operation would never have cared about trying it. But Wynnerly tumbles about with a perfect good temper quite charming to behold—when you are the right side of an awkward obstacle. He is a living contradiction to the cogency of the complaint urged to me the other day, that when a man has learnt how to fall, he has generally learnt how to avoid falling; and so nearly half his studies are useless. A short time ago, a stranger turned up at the meet, and soon after we got away, comfortably cleared a nasty source-railed white gate, a great away, comfortably cleared a nasty square-railed white gate, a great deal more creditable, as it seemed to many of us, to the carpenter who made it than to the farmer who put it up in a hunting country and left it fastened. The business was accomplished in such an easy, unobtrusive manner, that the exceptional ability of such an easy, unobtrusive manner, that the exceptional ability of the performer was past all question, and we wondered whether anything would stop him. The swollen banks of the Swirl towards which we presently approached seemed to answer our query in the affirmative; but we were wrong. This river is, as we have all supposed, impracticable at the best of times; but the stranger thought it worth trying, and went at it with a will. For once the old proverb was falsified, or at least, though there was a "way," it was simply in, and not over. Man and horse disappeared, and as their heads rose to the surface up came Wynnerly, who and as their heads rose to the surface up came Wynnerly, who had not been near when the gate was negotiated, but had since noted the way in which the new comer had been going. "We oughtn't to let the stranger have it all to himself!" Wynnerly said, and putting on as much steam as was obtainable, galloped to the bank, and, as was inevitable, landed about two thirds of the journey across, disappeared in turn, but hitting on an easier way up the opposite bank, was ashore in time to give the stranger a hand to help him out. A very stupid proceeding, the wise will say, with more than an appearance of truth; but there is something in the reckless spirit of the deed which, whatever it may show about Wynnerly's head, at least proves that his heart is in the right place.*

In spite of his success in the saddle, Wynnerly has not more money than he knows what to do with, and if he had a good deal more, he would doubtless find means of application for it without mental exhaustion. The source of his gratification to-day is that he has picked up what Lady Hortington calls the large brown horse for such an amount as is indefinitely spoken of as "an old song" because the hutter probably a connection by hirth of Fireworks. because the brute—probably a connection by birth of Fireworks aforesaid—has proved incorrigible in very skilful hands. Encouragement—in which kindness has a part, as well as hands and heels—seems effective to-day, however, and very likely his late owners forgot the former half of this compound, and lost sight of the fact that a cheery, coaxing word or two sometimes has more influence than a cutting whip or polished spur. A horse not unfrequently has a reputation for bad temper, and it very often fails to strike its owner that the temper may have been made bad, and can be cured, without being violently broken; an attempt to do which latter very often fails, by the way. Wynnerly can be firm enough, and can hit hard enough, when occasion demands that form of argument; but he also knows the effect of a gentle word and a friendly pat on the neck. From the manner in which the two are getting on together to-day, there can be little doubt that they have arrived at that mutual understanding which, as before said in the course of these sketches, is indispensable to safe and pleasant journeys across country. Let us see how the hunt generally get over this fence—a tolerably big flight of rails, with a ditch on the landing side. Here they are! Up comes Sir Henry in that sort of rocking-horse canter which his animals Henry in that sort of rocking-horse canter which his animals generally affect, and he gets over quietly. Tom Maizeley does not like the look of it, and unaffectedly pulls up. Here is Scatterly, on a pulling chestnut mare, which rushes at the rails and smashes the top one to splinters, making a way for a little batch of followers, among whom is Kitty Trewson, who means to have it if possible; but Sultan is rather blown, and, dropping his hind legs in the ditch, looks like rolling over and giving Miss Kitty a nasty fall, luckily recovering just in time to avert the catastrophe. Scratton, the dealer, on another young one, gets over neatly, and his groom does the same with little exertion. Checkley gallantly looks at the broken rail, and boldly rides away. Here comes Wynnerly: rather too fast, and heading for a place where the rail is high and heavy. The pace is hardly of his choosing, and they come whizzing down at a speed which must take them over or through. Over it is, and rather too much so, for the big horse, overjumping himself, goes rather too much so, for the big horse, overjumping himself, goes a couple of strides and blunders on his head; but Wynnerly, sitting well back, pulls him together again, cleverly saves the cropper, and goes on as gaily as if nothing had happened. I think he will make something of that horse yet: if he doesn't the chances assuredly are that no one will.

*It may be that some readers, who do not live in that part of the country where Wiltshire and Gloucestershire unite, will protest against this anecdote as overdone. In its main incident it is strictly true.—R.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, in its vast superiority to gas and all the Cherkic Light, in its vast superiority to gas and all other forms of artificial light, is an apt illustration of the position which Grant's Morella Cherky Brandy maintains in comparison with all other Liqueurs, in its perfection of rich truty flavour, which is effectively brought out when consumed with hot water, Enquire for it at all Bars, Restaurants, and Wine Stores. Manufacturer, Thomas Grant, Distillery Maidstone.—[Advr.]

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the case of these degrees we made in

COUGHS, ASTHMA, DRONCHITIS.—Medical testiniony States that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 12d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVI.]

HOW LADY FEVEREL WENT ON THE STAGE.

A SKETCH.

The next day was entirely taken up by making arrangements for the theatricals. These, I need scarcely observe, had been an inspiration of the moment. Angela's acting was by no means confined to the stage.

The first thing to do was to fix on a play. This gave her no trouble. A few days before she had been reading *Broken Hearts*, and thinking how she would like to act the heroine's

art thinking how she would like to act the herome's part. Gilbert's plays were her favourites.

It is not so difficult as one might imagine to get together an efficient troupe of amateurs, at a short notice, in the season. People who do act are so fond of it, and get so comparatively little of it, that they are ready to give up many less pleasing engagements, and even to be tolerably regular at rehearsals.

Angela had become a centre of distinguished amateurs. She

Angela had become a centre of distinguished amateurs. She wrote a series of notes that morning, convoking her friends. She

was anxious to have the entertainment as soon as possible.

At last it was fixed to take place three weeks thence. I refrain At last it was fixed to take place three weeks thence. I refrain from describing the preparations. I suppose all amateur rehearsals begin desperately. The actors feel that they cannot act together; each of them conceives his part in the way that he thinks will give most play to his powers, casting the author's intention to the winds. The stage-manager is furious because people will not put themselves in his hands. His one hope of success is that the players may be induced to copy conventional professional acting. The man who has three sentences to say will not learn them Everything is at sixes or at sevens; but everyone finds consolation in the formula, "Oh, it'll be all right on the night."

And so, to tell the truth, it generally is. The night seems to be a panacea. Everyone, except the lady who showed so much promise and took so many pains during the rehearsals, is perfect. She, unaccountably, is a failure.

When the night arrived, Angela went hither and thither in a state of calm and supreme happiness. She had sent a card to Mr. Trent, and received an answer that he would come to her house as soon as his professional duties were ended.

Angela had issued her invitations for ten—on account of the great heat—and, as she intended to receive her guests in person, and have their presumable hunger and thirst ministered to she went to dress, it seemed quite on the cards that Richard might view the entire performance.

Very soon after ten the audience began to arrive.

"I assure you we expect the greatest treat, Lady Feverel."
"We have been dreaming of it for weeks."

"I am sure you are going to do wonders: I read in your manner that you are going to surprise us. Is it not too dreadfully cunning of Lady Feverel, Lord Fantlett? And is this the theatre? Oh, how sweet! My dear, tell me when have you seen such an arch little stage before?" There was a good deal of this sort of thing, and then Angela withdrew to dress.

IV.

Private theatricals, followed by a dance, are the greatest mistake under the sun. Though every woman in the audience may have had excellent opportunities of dancing every night that week, it is too much to expect her to listen patiently to a poetic play, well acted, when she feels that she might be dancing all the time. In this case every scene is as a mile-stone on a long journey. When there is no dance, however, as in the present case, people resign themselves and enjoy the acting.

When first the curtain drew up, Angela's acting did not seem somehow quite to realise expectation. She appeared a trifle distraite and nervous. After a few minutes, however, she brightened up wonderfully, and from that moment to the end of the play the most sarcastic critic could not but have acknowledged

The pathetic speeches seemed to come straight from her heart, and there were many moist eyes among the audience. Angela tasted for the first time complete happiness. It is delicious to be able to pour one's heart out, even in a feigned character, in the presence of one whom at other times we must greet with a remark on the weather, or the somewhat trite query, "How d'you do?"

Angela drank deep of this happiness. She cared for but one approval in all that fashionable crowd—it was that of a tall figure that leant against a pillar in the background, and more than

once touched his eyes roughly, in rather a shamefaced manner.

From an artistic point of view, of course, Angela was wrong. It is far easier to touch a strong and fresh heart like Richard's, than the weak ones, withered by scandal, conventionality, insincerity, and pleasure, of the desirable—in each other's opinion. However, a successful appeal to the feelings is always purifying, and there was less malicious gossip talked, less frivolity vaunted that night than at most of the other parties of the season.

The audience was, of course, too well-bred to be very uproarious in its applause at the end of the play, and it is only common

politeness to call each of the players on these occasions. Still, Angela could not be deceived about her triumph.

She walked about among her guests afterwards, receiving their congratulations in a light manner, and only betraying her intense happiness by a slight flush.

Lord Fantlett and a Mr. Gurney were complimenting her in

the most high-flown fashion, when she suddenly perceived that she was in Dick's neighbourhood, and that he was watching her. "You must be quiet, gentlemen," she said, turning to him, raising her hand, and bending her head in dramatic fashion, "I'm going to be scolded now—it'll be good for me."

"I never saw such acting in my life," said Richard, earnestly.

V.

That night, before she went to sleep, Lady Feverel made a firm resolve. She would go upon the stage. What was the countenance of the desirable to her? Less than nothing. She saw it vouchsafed to women who made a point of violating decency, who were known to have transgressed against morals; and, if it was to be denied her because she followed an art in her estimation nobler than that of the pulpit, such an anomalous sanction could scarce be of moment to a sane being. She felt that she was born to be an actress, and she believed in Carlyle's definition of happiness, "as activity in the sphere for which we were intended." Last, most secret, and sweetest reason—when she was a professional actress she would be in the same world with Richard Think of acting with him !- of acting Juliet to his

This just shows what silly ideas women, even women of genius, sometimes entertain—as if any manager would give the part of Romeo to Mr. Trent!

Very often, when one has made a resolution of this sort, after a

little deliberation, one is prevented from carrying it out by not knowing how. Angela was in this quandary.

However, she wrote to the manager of one of the theatres and offered her services. This gentleman had the gravest doubts of Angela's abilities; but he knew that her name would be a rare attraction to the world at large. Her friends would come to

see her; and the people would come to see a lady act! Consequently, after a discreet show of reluctance, he engaged her to play a short engagement at his theatre before the end of the season.

"Was there anything in particular that she would care about ?"

"Well, Shakespeare?" suggested Angela, modestly.
But the manager was decidedly averse from this. It was far too old-fashioned.

too old-fashioned.

"What you want nowadays is a play that takes place in a drawing room. That gives you an opportunity for a bit of tasty furnishing; and that's a great point with a fashionable audience. Then you musn't have too much action, and you must have no emotion as it isn't true to nature; and if you won't think it forward of me, I might suggest that a fresh gown for each act, all very smart, is a very best point? The rest is chiefly in my hands. I will try and find a play where you can take a meal on the stage, you have no notion how taking that is! Or, failing that, we can always bring a doglon, or, a very happy idea would be to have the always bring a dog'on, or, a very happy idea would be to have the post arrive in the middle of a scene."

"I see—with an important letter," cried Angela, brightening.
"Oh, no," replied the manager, in rather a hurt voice, "that ould destroy the whole effect." would destroy the whole effect.

The manager now took his leave, saying that Angela might trust to him and be sure of a success.

Lady Feverel felt that due importance had not been assigned to her share of the matter, and was rather disheartened: however, she determined not to be daunted, and made up her mind that

difficulties of this sort must be faced at first.

One of the chief advantages that fiction has over real life is that one is never obliged to wait. The saddest part of life is spent in

waiting.

Thus I may at once inform my readers that, a few days after the above recounted interview, Angela received a note from her manager, accompanied by the M.S. of a play, which, as he informed her, his two friends, the popular playwrights, had just completed most opportunely. Angela was again rather disappointed in the play. It was not a bit like Mr. W. S. Gilbert's. However, she hated the idea of delay, so she accepted the heroine's rôle and set to work to study it.

(To be continued.)

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"I once had a dear little doll," song, 4s.; words by C. Kingsley, music by A. Cellier. Familiar lines from the late Charles Kingsley s "Water Babies" have been set to a pretty melody, simply harmonised.—"The ship sailing home from the West," song, 4s.; words by Mrs. E. Baker, music by A. Cellier. Mrs. Baker's lines are of more than average merit; they tell the story of a loving wife who waits in vain for the return of her husband. of a loving wife who waits in vain for the return of her husband—stricken by death in far off climes—and they afford opportunities for the display of genuine pathos. Mr. Cellier's music is sympathetic the display of genuine pathos. Mr. Cellier's music is sympathetic and tuneful, but he might have turned to better account the opportunities afforded by the concluding stanza.—"My Laddie," ballad, 4s.; words by E. Oxenford, music by A. Celier. The words and music of this song are equally commonplace and ineffective.—"Six Pièces Dansantes," 4s. each. Nos. 4 and 5 are before us, and are worthy to be placed alongside the three preceding numbers, which we have already had occasion to praise. No. 4 is in A flat, 2-4 time; No. 5 is in G major, 3-4 time. Both are delightful pianoforte solos for the drawing-room, and No. 5 is sepecially graceful in melody and treatment.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co., I. Berners-street, W.—"Sweet.

Novello, Ewer, & Co., I, Berners-street, W.—"Sweet, have the roses," song, 2s. nett, for tenor or soprano; words by M. C. Salaman, music by Chas. Salaman. The words of this song will probably prove fatal to its success. It contains ideas which are really poetical, but are clumsily worked out, even to a ludicrous extent, as in the "so and so" of the following lines:—

What were the spring without its flow'rs? What were the sun without its rays? So without thes would be my ways And so and so the barren hours.

The italics are ours. We leave the following mysterious quatrain to speak for itself :-

Say, is there room within thy heart? Sweet, I will give thee love to be More than the stars could bear for thee, And live when life shall part.

If Mr. Charles Salaman has displayed little of his usual grace of fancy and command of expression in setting words so incomprehensible as these, we need scarcely be surprised.

W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street, W.—" Judith's Invocation," song, 3s., words from the French by Dr. Kahlenberg, music by

J. Concone. The words are passable, but they have been set to music without proper regard to English prosody, and a ridiculous effect is produced by frequent errors in accentuation, such as,—

His solemn call obeying. Dutý my act redeeming, &c., &c.

The setting must be remodelled if the song is intended for English singers.—"Bon Voyage" Galop, for piano, 3s. solo, 4s., duet, composed by A. Buhl. A well-written and effective galop; duet, composed by A. Buhl. A well-written and effective galop; the duet edition is simply arranged, and will be useful to teachers.

—"Herne the Hunter," pianoforte sketch, 3s., by M. Schröter. This is a really charming piece of tone painting. The opening theme, in F major, 6-8 time, is bright, bold and cheery. The second movement in B flat 12-8 time, is fanciful and picturesque, and contains phrases which are highly characteristic. The solo, which concludes with a repetition of the first movement, merits warm praise, and is well worth the attention of amateurs.—"Gavotte," from The Temple of Glory, by I. P. Rameau, transcribed for piano by G. J. Van Eyken, by J. P. Rameau, transcribed for piano by G. J. Van Eyken, is. 6d. This quaint specimen of the *rococo* style of dance music has an indefinable charm which can be found in few modern gavottes.—"The Shepherd's Lay," pastoral for pianoforte, 3s., by W. A. Mozart, is as freshly charming as if written yesterday.—"Souvenir du temps de Louis XV.," 3s., by V. Moret, is a transcription for piano of a "Sarabanda and Brayura," by The stateliness of the first movement is well contrasted with the bustle and animation of the second.—" Gavotte en Sol," price 3s., by M. Roeder. This is a fairly successful effort to imitate the old gavottes which delighted our ancestors.—"Trillo del Satanasso," by Tartini, transcribed for pianoforte by W. Czerny, price 3s. Everyone has heard the story of the dream in which the violinist Tartini fancied that his satanic majesty paid him a visit and played a violin solo, which the dreamer, when he awoke, tried to write down from memory. In Tartini's time the solo was thought so extremely difficult as to require unearthly skill for its performance; at the present day it is mastered by pupils of fourteen years old. It is hardly suitable for pianoforte, but Mr. Czerny has so ably transcribed it for that instrument, that it will be welcomed by many amateurs who have no other opportunity of making acquaintance with "The Devil's Trill."

LORD BATEMAN'S stud of horses in training, brood mares, and yearlings will be sold at Albert Gate on the Monday after the Warwick Meeting.



THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.—Portraits of Frank Goodall and a few of His "Beauties."



PAID AMATEURS.

THE committee of the Marylebone Cricket Club have at last condescended to take notice of the persistent protests of certain of its members who for seasons past have never ceased agitating against the system of employing paid amateurs. Constituted almost entirely of bona fide amateurs it is surprising that the great institution of St. John's Wood, whose dicta upon all details of cricket-law have been always taken as final, should not have long ago included in its code of rules one going a great deal farther in the right direction than the following, which is by the secretary, entitled "Qualification to play in the match Gentlemen v.

Players:—
"That no gentleman ought to make a profit by his services in the cricket-field, and that for the future no cricketer who takes more than his expenses in any match shall be qualified to play for the Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's: but that if any gentlemen feel difficulty in joining in the match without pecuniary assistance

feel difficulty in joining in the match without pecuniary assistance he not shall not be debarred from playing as a gentlemen by having his actual expenses defrayed."

This is only aless than half-hearted way of settling or rather shunning the settlement of a question of vital importance. Carefully considered, the resolution is a long way from being satisfactory, while whatever value it might have had is entirely taken off by the official rider that "this rule has been strictly observed by the M.C.C. since the management of the finances of the club has been in its own hands." With a very vengeance this is answering the clamour for bread by giving a stone. When nine-tenths of the cricket-loving portion of the country has been indignantly protesting against a gross unfairness, it is no good to enunciate a continuous and the state of the country has been indignantly protesting against a gross unfairness, it is no good to enunciate a continuous and the state of the country has been indignantly protesting against a gross unfairness, it is no good to enunciate a sentiment. Everyone could have told the M.C.C. all that they have said in the resolution, and can see that they have taken the pains to nullify their act by the few lines which distinctly show that there is for them not the smallest hope of any reformation. The match Gentlemen v. Players is only one of many organised by the Marylebone Club in which gentlemen who make a profit out of cricket have habitually taken part; if the rule is to mean anything the qualification, or disqualification rather, should apply to each and every of these contests. Do the committee really wish the public to understand that since they have had the management of the finances of the club they have not paid any gentleman, more than his actual expenses. If so, either their read-ing of the word "expenses' differs very much from that of other people, or they are the most undeservedly abused body of men, and have been cruelly maligned. We have it on the authority of one of our most celebrated amateurs that when last season a section of the club who did not believe that the "expenses" allowed could be legitimately accounted for, worked hard to gain a hearing, they found themselves shunted in favour of a "desultory discussion on lawn tennis"; now that the would-be reformers have managed to lawn tennis"; now that the would-be reformers have managed to command some measure of attention nothing has been done. Past experience has shown that "expenses" may include anything from a cab-fare to compensation for loss of time, and unless some scale of allowance be arranged there is nothing in the resolution to prevent amateurs from still going for the money; besides, the M.C.C. do not say that those who make profit shall be the allowed to rank and allowed sometimes they may law down. not be allowed to rank and play as amateurs; they merely lay down a law that anyone making more than heretofore will be debarred from taking part in one match at Lord's, that against the open recipients of payment, the Players. So long as a paid amateur from taking part in one match at Lord's, that against the open recipients of payment, the Players. So long as a paid amateur does not get larger fees than in 1877 he will not be affected by the last rule, and if he does he may still play as an amateur in every match but one. If a bye-law had been framed that anyone making profit from the game should henceforth be considered a professional, simple justice would have been done, but the Marylebone Club, the present representatives of justice, are biased by their own consideration for gate-money.

One of the greatest objections to allowing the managers of Lord's to make laws for the general body of cricketers is that they act privately in a public capacity and rigorously, exclude from their

privately in a public capacity and rigorously exclude from their general meetings representatives of the press. The so-called "re-ports" which appear each May in the sporting and other journals ports "which appear each May in the sporting and other journals are really only ex-parte statements supplied as a favour by the secretary, pro tem. As a private institution, the club is, doubtless, not going beyond its rights in doing as it likes with its own, but, as all cricketers have so far been bound by its laws, it should either admit its responsibility to the public or retire from what is really a false position. All the other great cricket institutions freely admit the press at their general meetings.

So tardily has public opinion been recognised, and so unwilling has the existing tribunal shown itself to initiate reform that those

has the existing tribunal shown itself to initiate reform that those who for years have allowed it to arrogate to itself the functions of a cricket parliament have become tired of its lethargy and indifference; its last enactment has only been wrung from it not because of the justice of the cause, but by the continued importunity of those who, having a right to be heard, have now the whole of their case admitted, and a liberal promise given them things are to remain in *statu quo*. As the foremost among clubs Marylebone absorbs into its ranks all that is best of amateur talent, but the day has gone by when one association should have sole power to deal with all questions affecting the interests of a sport. What is wanted is to establish a regular congress to which M.C.C., the Counties, the Universities, Public Schools, and some few others should annually send delegates. "In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom," and there would be no fear at a congress such as we have suggested of any one party being sufficiently strong to be able to shelve a reasonable proposition brought before it. It may be said that already every great cricket association has members who are free to ventilate their opinions at St. John's Wood, but that is not really so, as the action of the committee is to all intents and purposes that of the club, and strenuous opposition has always been offered to the infusion of fresh blood into the deliberative council.

That the present authorities are well satisfied with themselves and to let things go on as they are is very evident, and it is time that those who have really at heart the well-being of the game should take matters into their own hands. Why should one institution, powerful though it be, have sole control of a national sport? or what reason can there be why, when disgusted by the want of energy, the thousands of clubs scattered throughout the kingdom should submit to the sway of a King Log? Not long since when it was thought necessary to draw up a definition of whot is an amateur as far as regards agustics, the representatives what is an amateur as far as regards aquatics, the representatives of all the leading rowing clubs were invited to attend a meeting, but while in the case of cricket its followers outnumber in immense proportion those of the sister sport, one society is allowed to take the affair into its own hands and expects every one to be satisfied when it has calmly announced its agreement in principle with the theory that an amateur should not try to get a living out of sport, but that it does not intend to interfere in any way with his so doing. It is only in the common nature of things that the M.C.C. or any other should consider its own interests, and since the agitation against paid amateurs commenced it has been very much in the position of sitting as judge in a case in which it was also defendant, and its verdict, therefore, cannot be looked upon as of much value. Unless those who are supposed to know have been unaccountably at fault, the authorities of Lord's have been the chief offenders in giving gentlemen excessive expenses. Clearly by the rider to the resolution they wish to deny this, but the only way to satisfactorily clear themselves would be to publish

a statement of receipts and expenditure of the games Gentlemen v. Players, North v. South, M.C.C. v. England, Gloucestershire and Yorkshire v. England played at Lord's during the last few seasons. In Gentlemen v. Players the very title shows how broadly marked should be the line between two classes who, according to all received traditions, are now certain instances only nominally distinguishable. As for North v. South, the profits of that match were not this season set apart for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund; but we thoroughly believe that the publication of detailed expenses in all benefit matches would place in a much better light the characters of one or two gentlemen who have been charged with drawing payment for playing in those contests. do them justice, they have many times been aspersed when there has been no ground for the accusations brought against them, and we know that on several occasions when the name of an amateur who has, to help a professional cricketer, given his services gratuitously, has proved a great attraction, and brought many pounds of gate-money, slander has been busy in stating that he has rigorously exacted an extravagant sum before he would take the field. As a speculation an engagement of teams composed of prominent amateurs will pay far better than by hiring professionals, and this much must be said, that those who are now classed as paid amateurs have over and over again earned their money and been cheap at the price.

As we have before pointed out, it is more than difficult to define what really constitutes an amateur; there are endless ways of looking at the question. While nothing can be simpler than to set down that an amateur is one who does not make any profit by the sport, it is so very easy to show that then, though the players personally may not benefit, profit is almost always made, or, at least, intended to be made, out of great cricket matches. The team which Conway and Gregory brought to England meant moneyreamwhich Conway and Gregory brought to England meant money-making, and they carry out their intentions still. All but the Bannermans consider themselves amateurs, and had they only formed themselves into a "wandering" club before starting it would be hard to say that they were not amateurs. Whether a company plays for its own or other persons' gain the fact remains that the sport has been made the means of raising money, and unless the receeds of the speculation be devoted to some charitables. less the proceeds of the speculation be devoted to some charitable purpose those who play and those who profit by the exhibition are to all intents and purposes professionals. The laws of the game have required revision for a long while; the present legislative body turn a deaf ear to all appeals for reform, and the only course left for those whose interests are affected, and who really possess the balance of power, is to take into their own hands the manage-ment of a great business hitherto sadly neglected.

HOW WILD-FOWL COME TO MARKET. BY "WILD FOWLER."

(Continued from page 195.)

He then went to the first fore screen and pitched on the water about half a hatful of tail-corn, whistling softly all the while in a peculiar fashion.

Instantly I observed that some score of ducks, the decoys evidently, tumbled from the bank into the water, and with others who were already afloat they swam somewhat quickly towards the call and the grain. On the latter they began to feed greedily as it drifted down the pipe towards the pond, and as they swam up the pipe many of the wild birds, attracted by their movements, and no doubt observing their feeding, swam up too, but rather slowly, and also fed on the corn. All the others then joined in, and soon the whole pond was alive with the snapping of bills.

Meanwhile the decoys had gone some five or six yards up the pipe, and the decoyman, with an anxious countenance, was looking through a hole in his screen, similar to mine, watching the behaviour of the strangers. These were evidently very shy, and seemed to consider the actions of the tame ones, in venturing so far, as beyond their comprehension.

The decoyman shook his head and made a very wry face as he looked at me, and his whole countenance seemed to express very great doubt as to the ultimate success of his venture.
"Just my luck!" thought I, within myself. "He won't catch
any just because I would like to see him to."

But I soon altered my mind on the point, for, with an almost imperceptible gesture, the fowler motioned to his "piper," and, quick as lightning, the little dog flew up round the screen, jumped over the little partition, and, simultaneously with his appearance on the bank, the hitherto placid wild birds suddenly started up,

and with outstretched necks they faced the little dog.

Piper, however, evidently did not mean wasting any time, for he was back in a moment, coming over the next little jump with a frisk, and waving his tail gleefully at his master, who, without looking at him, handed him something to eat; but his eye was all the time at the hole, and, evidently satisfied with the result, he waived the little dog on once more, and he himself advanced to the next screen.

Over again went Piper, and round again and back again, in little more than a few seconds, and there he was, at his master's feet, eating again some little morsel, and watching the hand that

gave him the signals.

As for the birds, over a score and a half were at the mouth of the pipe, looking as thoroughly astounded as ever ducks can look, and gently murmuring to express their surprise, as ducks will do, when their minds are in any way exercised. But, still, they were shy, and, indeed, two or three of their number were already turning tail, when the little dog again appeared in their sight, again frisked on the their might the spot where the piper had disappeared, when lo! again the deceiver appears, dances about, and disappears. The birds that time were literally dumb with astonishment, and pell-mell with the deceiver appears, dances about, and disappears. The birds that time were literally dumb with astonishment, and pell-mell with the deceiver appears about a specific regardless.

mell with the decoys, they went on ahead, regardless.

Suddenly the boy who, throughout, had been sitting by the back screen watching his father, gets up, and gently takes his cap off. I can just catch a glimpse of the fowler himself, who is at the seventh or eighth screen, looking through. He is holding the his hadd the goddely drown it. ing up his hand, then suddenly drops it. On that signal, the boy glides to the first opening, between the first and second screen and waives his cap, and I hear the splashing of the affrighted birds who then rush up the pipe. In a moment they have turned the bend, whilst the decoys, used to that sort of thing, are complacently drifting out of the pipe, picking up, here and there, a stray corn as they sail by. I then get up and creep towards the fowler, who is signing to me to come along gently, and as I join him at the bend, I perceive thirty odd wild birds huddled up together in the trammel at the end of the pipe. They are struggling with all their might and yelling their very loudest. We quietly walk openly towards them, and the struggling and quantum girls are the trammel. ing increase as we draw nigh, so that when we reach the trammel,

the birds are positively frantic with affright.

I could not help pitying them, and if I could I would have got them rescued; but, had I proposed such a thing, no doubt the decoyman would have set me down, then and there, as a downright stark, staring, mad lunatic. So I abstained, with a sigh, from any re-

marks, and forthwith the fowler unhooked the trammel, stood over it, with his legs astride, and drew forth, one by one, the unhappy five with his tegs astrice, and drew forth, one by one, the ulmappy fowl, whose struggles and cries were simply heartrending. With a quick motion he lifted them up, one by one, by the neck, held their bodies tight in the left hand, whilst with his right he gave a peculiar wrench about their necks, and all was over. Pitched one by one on the sward, the whilom so lively birds paid with their lives the penalty of their curiosity; and when the job was over the decourage grape, rubbing his hands, and natted his dog who the decoyman arose, rubbing his hands, and patted his dog, who all the while had contented himself with sniffing at the dead

birds as their bodies were flung, lifeless, to mother earth.

Clever little dog! He seemed to know that it was owing to his exertions that all that number of fowl had been secured, and

his exertions that all that number of fowl had been secured, and certainly he well deserved the caresses of his master.

We were then quite away from the pond, be it said, and completely sheltered from the other fowl thereon by the shrubbery, which covered the whole of the ground which was not under water. "We will go back now," the old man whispered softly in my ear; through sheer habit, no doubt, was this whispering indulged in, for surely we were far enough from the wild-fowl, to all intents and purposes, to insure comparative safety from being heard by them, especially as the wind, was blowing at the time

heard by them, especially as the wind was blowing at the time a regular gale in our teeth.

Several large hampers were hard by, under the brush wood, and into two of these the dead fowl were bundled. We then picked up again our pans of burning peat, and went back quietly

towards the pond.

The decoys were then about the mouth of the tunnel, but many of the wild birds, had banked near the next pipe, where they were somewhat sheltered from the wind. Some were pluming themselves contentedly, others were resting, the rest were paddling about on the pond, facing the breeze, and among these I noticed new arrivals in the shape of nine teals, which I had not seen before, and which, therefore, must have come to the pond whilst the previous decoying business was being carried

On perceiving the teal, the decoyman's hard features actually relapsed into a smile. He told me afterwards why—simply because teal are so easily decoyed that it made him laugh to see

Howbeit, again his low whistle and his corn brought the decoys forward, as eager as ever, and no sooner did the teal perceive that some feeding was to be had, than they, like simpletons, flocked to the rescue, with such greediness that they actually half-flew, half-ran on the top of the water, to get quicker to the corn. Up the pipe went the decoys, following the stream of corn, and, after them, went the teal, in a great hurry, whilst some half-dozen other fowl brought up the rear. And thus the squad went up, so willingly, that the piper was hardly required, and the whole lot were caught, and huddled up in the trammel, within three minutes. I never saw anything more neatly done. The teal, of course, were the cause of it all, their great confidence deluding the other fowl into the belief tha teverything was safe and above

This concluded our sitting for that day. Soon after twilight began, and the rest of the fowl left, going many miles, perhaps, inland, for their nightly feed. The decoyman then fed his decoys for the night, and we all went our way, he and his son carrying the spoils—and pretty well laden they were, too.

Now, as a corollary to that expedition, I ought to add a few

necessary details.

Why the pipes are curved is so self-evident that explanations are hardly necessary. Were they straight, the remaining fowl on the pond would see the whole slaughtering business, and that would be enough for them. Then, about the water in the pipes, it is always regulated by a sluice, so that the depth should not exceed eight inches. Were it deeper, the wild fowl might dive, and thus escape the fowlers, as they will do when they are wounded and pursued in deep water by shooters. Of course, it need not be observed that the decoymen must always keep to leeward of the birds. Were they to the windward, the fowl would soon detect their presence and fly away, in spite of all other precautions to the contrary, for, though burning peat is the inseparable companion of the fowler in his decoying operations, yet the scent of man is most quickly detected by the wary, and yet the scent of man is most quickly detected by the wary, and shy fowl, and that would be quite enough to frighten all the fowl

As to the dog and decoy ducks, they should be kept in tolerable condition, but not be allowed to get too fat and too lazy. To insure their being always on the alert in day time, whenever wanted, they should have their only meal at night, after the day's work is over. As regards the ducks, they should be fed at the mouth of the pipe which is most likely, from the state of the wind, to be used in the morning, because they will be all the readier for their work, and if it freezes at all, by their paddling about, and the heat of their bodies, they will prevent ice from being formed at the mouth of the required pipe, and the wild-fowl are sure to congregate with them, in the morning, on the open water. Taken all in all, then, I think that decoying wildfowl into pipes is, though not sport in the strict acceptation of the term, yet sufficiently clever to warrant its being resorted to, and anyhow, I think it is quite fascinating enough, and wonderfully well devised, to warrant my opening sentence—viz., that he who first invented the trick was no fool. It is certainly a most entertaining piece of ingenuity, and one which, in good seasons underlieb smaller half the resolute with will foul for undeniably supplies half the markets with wild-fowl.

Decoys, however, are slowly, but surely, dying out. The fens and marshes are drained, then the ground is cultivated, and the and marshes are drained, then the ground is cultivated, and the decoyman finds his occupation gone. Already many decoys are closed, and others are every year being closed. In times gone by, however, they were exceedingly well-paying concerns, some of them yielding as much as £800 and £1,000 a year to their respective owners. This was joining pleasure to business with a vengeance; but this golden era is now nearly a thing of the past. There are, however, still some good decoys left, and these pay, and pay well, when they are in the hands of the right men. The rarest thing, however, to find nowadays is a really good decoyrarest thing, however, to find nowadays is a really good decoyman, and the next rare thing is to secure a good "piper." As for decoy ducks, they can be had easily enough.

A RACECOURSE has been formed at Berlin, which is to cost

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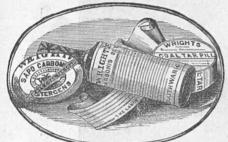
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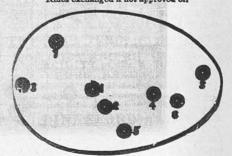
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